

WAR CRY

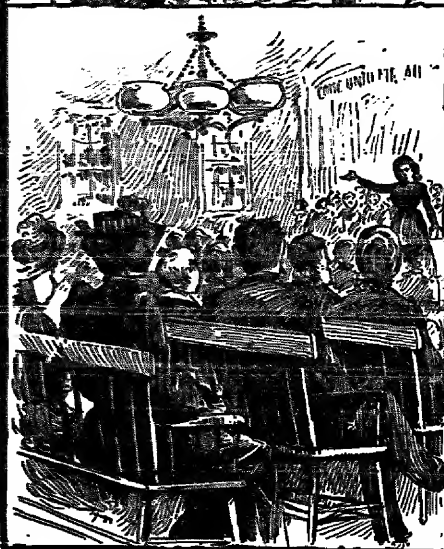
THE
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 31. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894. [Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

LED BY THE SPIRIT



By
MAJOR GRAHAM



discern the Spirit of Christ in this new movement, and I often thought, and sometimes said, "This is the thing I like."

The second impulse Armywards was caused by my receiving a letter from my "intended," then in England. She had always been greatly opposed to women preachers; but, somehow, we had evidently never come into conflict upon this subject, as I was a firm believer in their right to the platform and pulpit. However, in company with some friends. Miss Mandall went to Carlisle to see and hear the Army soon after its opening there, and after hearing the testimonies of some of the most notorious men and women, her prejudice gave way, and the gratitude of her heart flowed out to God for the work accomplished, even though ladies had been the agents. I thus received a full account of this visit, and became more and more interested.

But wherein I was most touched was when my youngest brother wrote from England to tell me he had been saved in an Army meeting in Penrith, Cumberland, and had become one of their bandmen. My convictions now became thoroughly settled that the Salvation Army was a God-sent up country, and destined to be a mighty factor in His plan to save the world.

During all this, I was actively engaged in church work, and really busy in definitely pressing men into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. About this time, I had also become thoroughly sanctified, and knew it, and the indisputable evidence, to me, was seen in the souls God helped me to win for Him. Without any knowledge whatever of how the Army conducted their meetings, I began to have prayer meetings after every service I conducted, whether morning, afternoon, or night, and urged people to salvation, and let me say to the honor of Him, Whose servant I was, and am, that frequently I saw sinners seeking salvation. On one Sunday morning there were nine; on the same evening, six others. At an other place, two sought pardon on the Sunday evening, and eight at night, besides two and three on different occasions. It will be clearly seen, therefore, that life's great purpose had taken hold of me. Ministers and laymen now began to press me to offer myself for the regular ministry, to which I replied, "Yes, my all is on the altar, and if God will but let me see He wants me to do so, I'll promptly obey," but I added, "In addition to a call from the church, I must have a distinct and definite call from God in my own heart." Such call I never received,

consequently I never went, but diligently pursued my lay work, starting a seven a.m. Sunday prayer meeting (which continued for seven or eight years afterwards, to my knowledge.) We also began holding cottage meetings, etc., and in our own way had struck out on real aggressive lines for God and souls, and not without some marked encouragement in the conversion of sinners.

A critical moment, however, arrived in my life, and while doing everything I could for the Master, Whom I truly loved, an announcement was made that an Army

A HALFPENNY War Cry, and a ragged looking thing at that, was the first article of Salvation Armyism I ever saw. It had been sent me from England to Christchurch, New Zealand, and had evidently been well handled and read before posting to the Antipodes. However, there it was, with all its peculiarities: "Knee-drill," "Blood-and-fire," etc., etc.; but what of these I had no quarrel to pick with words or terms, but dived into the contents of this funny paper, having learned the lesson that, just as the prospective nations the broken pieces of quartz lying on the surface, and argues from that to the possible wealth below, so I reasoned: "Maybe a mine of spiritual wealth is contained herein?"

I once heard Commissioner Howard say, "The spirit of a man moulds his work;" and certainly, the spirit of that War Cry began to take hold of me in real earnest, and how much I owe to the War Cry for what I am, I cannot tell. Unlike many, however, I have heard speak about their first impressions of the Army, I never had my convictions affected with what appeared ludicrous or irreverent, but at the very outset, seemed to

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officer, (Captain, now Colonel, Pollard) was coming to Christchurch, and was going to stay with a friend of mine who had come out with him, and Lieutenant (now Major) Wright, from England.

My friend had told me so much about these two salvation boys (as they called them) that I was simply in a fever to see them and agreed with him that when he drove to the station (Christchurch) to meet Captain Pollard, he should call at the warehouse where I was employed on his way back and let me have a look at this youthful salvation pioneer.

He did so, and on catching the first glance of the somewhat delicate looking face of Captain Pollard my heart went out to him in such love as I think must have bound the hearts of David and Jonathan together. I stepped up to the buggy, gripped his hand firmly, and after a few words of greeting, returned to the warehouse full of emotion and amazement.

That night was to be the first turn-out of our little aggressive band of workers, for a sort of march and sing in the street. It was not arranged because the Army Captain had come, but simply a development of our methods, having been arranged before knowing anything about his coming, but it was a happy co-incidence.

I asked the Captain to lead the open-air and show us how to do it.

"Shall I bring my concertina?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I said, "do what you like."

So at the appointed hour we called forth from our little church in no such order as two or four abreast, but just as we liked; a little clump of open-air novices, anxious to do good, and willing to learn how to do it. The Captain walked backwards (how comical it looked) giving out, then playing and singing.

"There is a fountain."

We joined in nervously (at least I did) and then stopped at a street corner, while the Captain announced the meeting and invited sinners to come, and also to come to Jesus. Oh, how beautiful I thought to be able to talk to sinners in the street like that, and then I stammered out something, feeling my own awkwardness greatly.

In the indoor meeting the Captain spoke with—to me—thrilling effect, and yet in such amazing simplicity that I began to feel despair creeping over me about my ever becoming a useful speaker.

Oh, thought I, if only I can get my friend to consent to Captain Pollard staying at my home to-night how happy I would be. (I was then married and comfortably settled down.)

He did consent, and that night I had the honor to entertain the first Salvation Army officer who ever slept in Christchurch. But he didn't sleep much, I assure you, for I wanted to know so much about the Salvation Army work; in fact I wanted to know everything about it, that it was very late (or early) before we retired, and then—ah! cruel me—I followed the Captain into his room, sat down by his bed, and wanted to know some more about the Army. (I can see now I was properly motivated.) Poor Captain! His head bowed low many a time, until fairly overcome, my questions were left unanswered and I had to retire.

A fortnight after this, Christchurch was attacked by the Blood-and-fire Army, and not being away at any service of my own that Sunday, I naturally started to where I could see this new spiritual force in active operation.

A Primitive Methodist woman-preacher and I were the only persons that took the platform with the four officers, and I was asked to speak, and I did so, with—to myself—exceptional liberty.

I attended the night meeting also, and, oh, what a row there was, until the excited, half-demoniac crowd broke up the proceedings in a most ignominious hub-bub, and we all made off with as good grace as possible. The roar of voices, and the rush and bustle of some 600 harkitars at the sight of the Captain (who, with myself, was marching arm-in-arm in a hansom direction, the attempt to get him in the River Avon, and the subsequent rally they made on some poor, defenceless Chinamen, when their hate had not yet full vent upon these modern apostles, all bore heavily upon my heart, and only seemed to get free vent when on reaching home. I said to my wife:

"Well, my dear, I've had a look at hell to-night," and in a second breath added, "Thank God for some men like them, who have given up their lives for the salvation of other young men."

Not long after, a sort of indefinite question came to my own heart: "But, what about you? You're thanking God for these young men; can't you do similar work?" But I dismissed the thought as a passing idea, suggested by the circumstances I had just been in; but in a day or two it came back and back again, until I began to feel

I was responsible for giving some sort of answer to it.

I talked it over with my wife, who always seemed to be blessed with a ready flow of thought than me, and she said, "Well, if God wants us to go, let us go." "Oh, but I'm not sure," I replied. "I want to be sure, and besides," I added, "we should have to sell the house, and square up this and the other." But how wonderfully God clears the way for them who will obey Him. The "this and the other" began to clear out of the way in a remarkable fashion, leaving only the question of the house to settle, and this I offered for sale at a price which was the utmost limit of the sacrifice I could well make at that time. Meanwhile, I wrote Captain Pollard, offering ourselves (baby and all), and telling him the circumstances, receiving the answer that as soon as our way was clear, we had to go to Dunedin (then headquarters). In about a fortnight's time, a young man came into the warehouse and said, "I'll take your house at your own price."

What a sensation passed through me at that moment, for the last obstacle had been removed to our going, and it only remained for me to tell my wife, wind up affairs, give notice to my employers, and off, but stop! To tell my little wife, who had come 24,000 miles only about seventeen months before to share life's joys and sorrows with me in our nice, cosy, little home—do tell her I had sold it all, and we must pack up and go into a land we knew not of, oh! this was no easy matter, but this is how I did it. On returning from the city at night, I entered the house singing, though somewhat sadly, I dare say.

"The first of best is a pasture,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor, wearying care."

Ah! that spoke volumes, and at that moment we raised the knife to slay our Ima, and shortly afterwards, on the very day the first New Zealand War Cry was issued, we left the fair City of the Plains to start our Salvation Army career. That twelve hours' train ride was none too cheap. We had left very, very dear friends behind, and had come away against their approval, and, in some instances, in direct opposition to their strongest reasoning, but the call to our hearts was imperative, and we had sworn to our heart that we would follow God.

Nearly eleven years have passed without one regret for having thus obeyed the voice of God. Our conversion is still complete, our purposes are one, and our love for soul-saving grows stronger as the needs of poor, lost humanity are presented to us while being led by the Spirit.

Three Cheers for Port Arthur.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont., April 19, 1894.

Editor War Cry, Toronto:

DEAR EDITOR.—This week's CRY just to hand, and I notice F. E. S. report from Winnipeg and his challenge to the WILKINSON EXERCISE to beat them at knee-drill. Some time ago I challenged Winnipeg.

Sunday, February 9th, we had nineteen at 7 a.m. knee-drill, and I began to "boom" it, and on Sunday, April 15th, we had reached 150.

This is a small town, but our people like the knee-drill, and I now challenge CANADA to beat me. Let F. E. S. beware! If Winnipeg is not already badly beaten, I am surprised. Some of our friends come a long way to the early morning meeting, and one man says it is the best meeting of the day. We are having converts right along. Our second enrolment comes off next week.

At Major Road's Sunday evening meeting, we had the Town Hall; it was packed, even to the outer steps, and I heard of one woman who got "sinking" wet standing outside in the rain listening to the meeting, unable to get inside. Victory right along. Sincerely yours,

CAPTAIN JESSE MILNER.

Wandering Musicians.

MITCHELL.—Our Stratford comrades drove over last Monday afternoon to give us a lift. Headed by the brass band we had a rousing march. A lively time at the barracks. God bless Captain Sayer and Lieutenant Kelleff. Come again.

Hardened Soul.

OWEN SOUND.—We have had some blessed meetings the past week. Good times on Sunday. The knee-drills are getting better. Sunday night was a time of prayer, yet no one would come to God. Captain Woodhead read the lesson, and forced home living truths, and Rustin Goodwin dealt very faithfully with those present.—MRS. JOSEPH STANWORTH, Special Correspondent.

MITRAILLEUSE.

In New York there are 80,000 persons out of employment.

Two Salvationists got a drunkard saved in the streets of Sacramento.

21,000 people sought salvation at Army meetings in Australia during 1893.

The General has received jubilee congratulations from Archbishop Farrar.

During the year 43,000,000 copies of Salvation literature have been circulated.

Colonel Bailey's Seaside Camp Meetings, at Christchurch, have been a great success.

A new Home of Rest is to be opened at Boudah, on May 1st, by Major and Mrs. Keppel.

A recent convert smashed his store of wine in the presence of his astonished servants.

Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth had a successful Swedish meeting in Brooklyn.

The telegraph operators, of Riverside, Cal., sent a generous donation to the Salt-Dust Fund.

Ten thousand "Guns before Meat" Banners have been placed in and around London alone.

A penitent in an Army meeting, at Winterthur, Switzerland, gave up a pistol to the Captain.

Six men were recently rescued from a watery grave by the Salvation Army steam launch, "Theodora."

The first of the series of Jubilee Rejoicings was held in the Queen's Hall, on April 9th and 10th.

Commander Booth is conducting a series of Special Monday Meetings in the Strangers Auditorium, N.Y.

A meeting was held at an outpost. Only three were present, but at the close two out of the three cried for mercy.

The amount of paper, rags, etc., collected in one week by the Salvage Brigade amounted to seventy tons weight.

During the first eight days spent by Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle, in Australia, over 200 souls were quickened into newness of life.

At a certain Australian corps, the handmen were posted on the top of the barracks, and from this position sent forth salvation strains.

The Methodist Recorder suggests that the General's Salvation Jubilee should be recognized in some form by the evangelical churches.

Her Majesty, the Queen Regent of Holland, has given another donation of 250 guilders to help the Army's Social Work in Amsterdam.

"Ready to perish," is the title of an attractive pamphlet, reviewing the English Rescue Work, which was published in London last week.

A Dutch Colonel, in the Queen's Army, permits our Cadets to call War Cry in the soldiers' barracks. Fifty copies went off the first day.

The ex-prison which the Amsterdam corporation has lent us for Social Work, was built in 1513 for a cloister. It is now an Army Shelter.

A local preacher lately knelt at an Army penitential form, in California, and cried for victory over sin. At night he was seen on the march carrying the Army flag.

A most successful meeting was held at the Trenton Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Ballington Booth addressed and charmed the 1,000 people who had assembled to hear her.

A reader of the Gazette is so delighted with Commissioner Chairman's review of "Hell's Shaft Holes," that he has sent 200,000 copies to be printed for distribution.

One of our Stollin officers has died from inflammation of the brain, caused by a blow from a rough. 2,000 people attended a funeral, and twenty-two professed conversion at the memorial service.

The Supreme Court, of California, has decided that the city ordinance of San Jose, under which Captain Wray was recently arrested, is unconstitutional. This decision gives the Army the right to march and play through the State.

Then shall He say also unto them as he left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was hungry and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was a stranger and ye took me not in, naked and ye clothed me not, and when I was in prison and ye visited me not.—St. Matthew's Gospel 23 ch., v. 42, 43 v.

FOUR WHIPPED BASTARDS.

The Editorial Department recently received a photo of a number of Winnipeg bandmen. We asked for a few particulars respecting them. "F. E. S." supplies as follows:

"Our Bos" has been a wild youth in his day: was a Queen's soldier at the time of the North-West rebellion, and fought in the battle of Batoche with the redskins. Was on the war-path three or four months. Was fired on by the Indians while hunting, but managed to escape with his only bullet nearly lost in his chest, so he had to time to arrange his toilet. Saw an old Sunday school teacher of his shot, also a number of the red skins.

While working a ship trade—carpentary—in the grain elevator at Fort Arthur, got on a bust, and when he came to his senses, was in Owen Sound, having been carried across the lakes in one of the greyhound like steamers. Stayed in Ontario one time, and took in the cities.

MONTEITH is a printer in the Command Office: was a farmer's boy, but took to city life. Has been in the West a number of years. Recently paid a visit to his parents at Killarney. Was treated like a pariah, asked to preach, pray, and so forth. Was special War Cry correspondent for a short time. Is a good musician, and plays a cornet.

JOHNNY HARRICK is also a printer. Now in Ontario when a Junior. His mother says he would have been a "lad" if he hadn't got saved. Has been a soldier, and an all-round Salvationist; but should meditate on becoming an officer. Plays cornet, slide trombone, and banjo.

ERNE PHILLIPS has been a C.P.R. boy; intended being a locomotive engineer. Ran stationary engines, pumping water tanks along the line. Was beginning to be a young blood, when he got saved. Is a candidate, and expects to be in the Durand Training Garrison soon. Plays a trombone, and sings like a woman.

They are interested in the Commandant's proposition to form a mounted team band, and no doubt some of them will volunteer their services if called upon. F. E. S.

A Beautiful Record.

FEVERSHAM.—At one Brigade during the past six weeks TWENTY-NINE BOYS have cried for mercy, and a good number of them are going to be soldiers. Ten have already been enrolled under the yellow, red and blue. For greater things than these we are believing.—Captain N. James.

A War Dance and Wind-up.

GALT.—We are having grand meetings soldiers getting on fire. One grocer sent a basket of provisions to the officers' quarters. On Saturday we welcomed Bandmen William late of the Lager corps. Sunday, 2:30 p.m. a rousing march and good inside meeting; but night was the crowning time. Gun straight shots were fired at the enemy, the down we went on our knees. ONE VOLUNTEERED out and fell into the trench, then ANOTHER cried for mercy. We gave a war dance and wound up the day singing.—J. B. BAZZ, Special Correspondent.

A Break-Down—Knee-Drill—Checked—

Steady Ducky—A Kind of—

tor—A Boy's—

Dumb Christ—

BY ME

A month to-day's land, and here we were sent out and on. We thought to stay over on our little quarters as we were another Salvation Army duty, and we were sent to both corps to-night Sunday.

Good news awaited us on Monday morning. Over interest manifested. The Salvation Army the Army has a hold. Captain Hayes came. For William. Both big program for the get as much work of special seldom visit.

A few notes of the acceptable and in Daddy Florence literary, and "Hallelujah" as we left Toronto. She was certainly a

One passenger piece of baggage, which had in the "first-class" to make matters worse, and that he was a "dumb" man. We tried to get him to leave the train, but he was

"Blood-and-fire" said a sloppy, young man kind by his head over on the sea again. "Eatin' at Gravenhurst, want to tell us about the summer campaign."

"The circle corps" a great believer in emphatically; and some reminiscences of his past life were told us about.

A broken bridge, heavy delay at Northampton, and the C. P. R. engine. Reader, the bridge in your own mind; don't try to place in head, the

Kindness is an attitude can never be destroyed in heaven. I noticed a C. P. R. could for the comfort mother who had found her, crying "What you can for be" twice all night, we were so much, but will see you out for her." Mrs. Head was able

"Have a little 'dilly,' said the always carry a bottle of emergency. We were the fact that he himself for his disfigurement a baptism of fire, a sacrament in this mess than soul care

"Would you like said a fashionably-dressed, dark-haired man, "I might think the use of

Toronto to Winnipeg.

NOTES ON THE TOUR.

A Break-Down—Neat Quarters—113 at Kne-Drill—“Get Your Baggage Checked”—A Lazy Christian—A Sleepy Dude—Ensign Dowell—A Kind C.P.R. Conductor—A Fair-Haired Boy's Question—A Deaf and Dumb Christian Girl—Program.

BY MAJOR READ.

A month to-day since leaving Newfoundland, and here we are at Fort Arthur, the eastern terminus of the Western Provincial Unit. We thought it would be a good idea to stay over on our way to Winnipeg, and we are sitting in Captain Josie Miller's neat, little quarters as we do so. Fort William, another Salvation Army station, is four miles distant, and we intend conducting meetings at both camps to-night (Saturday), and all day Sunday.

Good news awaited us. Big knee-drills. One hundred and thirteen (113) last Sunday morning. Crowded meetings. Lots of interest manifested. Townsfolk believe in the Salvation Army and its principles. Yes, the Army has a hold on Fort Arthur. Then Captain Hayes came in pleading for leave at Fort William. Both officers had arranged a big program for the week-end, intending to get as much work out of us as possible, as special seldom visit these camps.

A few notes of the journey thus far may be acceptable and interesting to our readers: Duddy Florence literally shrieked at “Good-bye,” and “Hallelujah” at the Union Depot as we left Toronto. Captain Edgcombe was there, too. What about Mother Florence? She was certainly off there.

One passenger possessed a very awkward piece of baggage, which he should not have had in the “first-class car.” Consequently, he had to get his “baggage checked,” and to make matters worse, we found out afterward that he was a Christian, but a very one, for he had “done nothing for Jesus for years.” We tried to show him the foolishness of trying to keep saved, and care nothing for dying souls.

“Blood-and-fire. Terrible, is it not?” said a shrewd, young dude to another of the same kind by his side. Tossing his drowsy head over on the seat, he was soon snoring again. . . . Ensign Dowell boarded the train at Gravenhurst, and had lots of good news to tell us about his projected plans for the summer campaign in his district.

“The circle circle can be worked, and I am a great believer in it,” said the Engineer, most emphatically, and he proved it by quoting some reminiscences of Fahrenheit. “But the helix must be visited, and the whole thing will look after,” continued the Brassbridge D. O. He looks well, and had lots of good things to say about his faithful officers and soldiers.

A broken bridge was the cause of a two hour delay at North Bay. It was just a tiling mishap, but enough to prevent the huge C. P. R. engine from passing on its way. Reader, have you a small broken bridge in your multi-experience? If so, be careful: don't try to go ahead until the sore place is healed, the flaw rectified.

Kindness is an excellent quality. “Kind words can never lie.” Kind deeds are registered in heaven. We thought this or we noticed a C. P. R. conductor doing all he could for the comfort and welfare of a young mother who had four dear children clamoring round her, leaving her much fatigued. “Do what you can for her; she has had lots of trouble all night with these children; she needs rest so much. I am leaving the train now, but will see that the next conductor looks out for her,” said this gentleman, and Mr. Read was able to render some assistance.

“Have a little of this Radway's Ready Relief,” said the above lady Christian, “I always carry a bottle of it with me in case of emergency.” He addressed a woman who felt very sick. We could not help thinking of the fact that he himself could get a sure relief for his diarrhoea by applying at the Crown a baptism of divine love for souls. What a consummation in this caring for bodily wants and these soul cravings!

“Would you like a smoke? It is a pipe,” said a fashionably-dressed young man to a dark-skinned boy, who was regulating that strange thing he held between his lips. He might have more explicitly explained the use of this striking thing, and

also advised the dear little fellow to have nothing to do with it, but to ask the four-year-old if he wanted a smoke was very unsentimentally indeed and so unwise. Ah, consistency!

A deaf and dumb girl sat near us on the car. With the aid of our fingers, we asked, “Are you saved?” “Y-e-s,” was her sign answer. Going through various other hand and finger motions, we found out that she was going to Winnipeg to her husband, who is saved, and felt so happy as we did our best to converse with her spiritually with our fingers. It was a slow and silent chat, but was very effective.

At present, the program for PORT ARTHUR is as follows: To-night (Saturday), presentation of colors; to-morrow (Sunday), 7 a.m. knee-drill; 7 p.m., Salvation meeting.

For FORT WILLIAM:—Sunday, 11 a.m., holiness meeting; 3 p.m., presentation of colors; 7 p.m., Salvation meeting, with a soldiers' and converts' meeting at each camp. Then on Monday noon we go on to Winnipeg, from which place we shall send more notes, with reference to our week-end battles at the above two places.

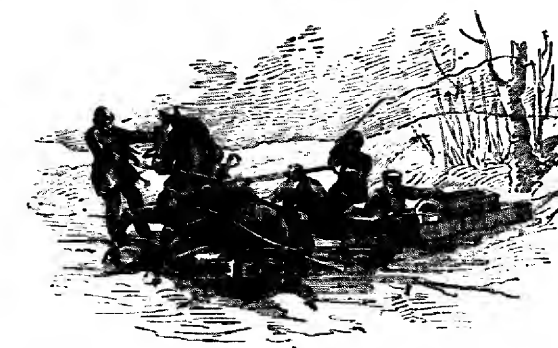
Though in the far West, we do not forget our dear comrades in Newfoundland, and shall continually pray that God will keep every officer, soldier, and recruit true, first to God, then to the Army and its principles. Hallelujah!

Newfoundland Conquests.

WAR STILL RAGING—TWENTY-THREE PRISONERS TAKEN—FIRST EXPEDITIONS ROUND THE BAY.

BY ADJUTANT KILGUS.

Boarded one of the Newfoundland railway cars on Tuesday morning, March 21st, to commence my first trip round the Bay. The morning was bright and beautiful, giving both land and sea a cheerful appearance. On the one side of the railway line toward the waters



of Conception Bay. Floating ice is plentiful. Along the beach are numbers of small boats, and the new farmer “fish-fishes.” Looking through the window on the other side, everything has a distinctly wintry appearance. The land is covered with a white coat; but the fir trees seem to bid defiance to all, as they push their dark tops through the snow, and form a contrast to all around. Young fisher-lads meet us at the various stations, looking quite content with their brown cheeks and happy faces.

After five hours' ride, I landed at Tilton station, and was met by Sergeant Cave, who had kindly come over to meet me, bringing with him his little pony and sleigh (or, perhaps, I ought to say the pony brought him.) Now for my first experience with one of these hard-working little ponies, which are noted (like a certain Army officer's horse) for their “power of endurance.” This faithful little animal tagged away in good shape, and behaved splendidly. We passed several loads of wood on the way, being drawn by dogs, and in some cases, in order to make the most of the wind, a cow had been harnessed on the top of the load of wood to help the dogs in their efforts to pull it along. Our comrades in this bright little island know how to make the most of their opportunities. After four miles drive through the country, in face of a stiff wind, arrived at the quarters, and found Captain Fynn, Lieutenant Heider and their Gales residing over a number of souls having found salvation during the last four weeks.

The name of Bay Roberts has become famous. Our snug barracks was almost full at night, and after a little time all stiffures were away, and we had a real blessed time. The prospects are very bright for Bay Roberts, and all the Corps around about shall yet ring with the songs of salvation.

Wednesday morning, being starting for Harbor Grace, went over to see the *Gladi-*

olide. She has been wintering in the bay here. Unfortunately the weather was too stormy to go aboard, so had to content myself with looking at her from shore, as she lay close to the shore, every inch “little gem.” Four miles' ride through a blinding snow storm, with the wind blowing a regular hurricane, arrived at railway depot. At times we could hardly see our way, but our pony stuck to it, and at last we “got there,” half covered with snow and ice. Boarded train and made for Harbor Grace, met Captain Rice, the Salvation Colporteur, met Mrs. After tea with Captain Knight and Cadet, came the march and inside meeting. The best that can be said about this meeting is that after a brave fight in the prayer meeting, four souls cried to God for mercy. Many were convicted, but left the building unmoved. The sight of sinners crying for mercy loosened things wonderfully, and we finished up about eleven o'clock, praising God for the prodigal coming home.

Next day Captain Rice and myself made our way over to Carboneau, where we received a Newfoundland welcome from Captain Snook, Lieutenant Pittman and the comrades there. A large crowd assembled in the barracks at night, and we had a good, red-hot, salvation meeting, faithfully warning sinners of the danger they were in.

Friday morning should have been spent in crowding the barracks, but the storm was too great; the wind blew a regular hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. We had, therefore, the pleasure of conducting the holiness meeting at Carboneau. God came very near, and we had a blessed time. Praise God!

The barracks are famous. The news of the difficulty experienced in going across has spread far and near.

Our comrades at Heart's Content had been witnessing the opening of their new barracks. We were determined to do all we could not to disappoint them. So on Saturday morning we commenced the journey. We decided to go by a short (1) road, and get about three miles out from Carboneau, when we came to a river. The water had overflowed the banks and covered the bridge right over. The rains of the previous night had melted a lot of snow and ice, but the frost coming on sharp at night had frozen everything over with a thin crust. We were in a fix. To go forward we were almost sure to land into the river; and if we retraced our steps and took the other road we might find ourselves in the same difficulty.

After a little reconnoitering our driver decided to try the river. Two men came

SOCIAL JOTTINGS.

BY THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

“I can't give up sin and its pleasures.” This was the flimsy excuse we received the other night while pleading with a sin-bound soul. We looked at him—scarcely one whole article of clothing upon his body; ragged, dirty, homeless, and unhappy.

“How long,” we asked, have you served the devil?”

Well, he wasn't quite sure. “But you served him all last year, at any rate,” we added; “what did he give you? Look at what he has brought you to. Think of the position he has placed you in. And yet you say, ‘I cannot give up sin and its pleasures.’”

Ah! poor, deluded soul, you have nothing to give up; you are only foolishly throwing away God's greatest gift—eternal life! Oh, that his blind eyes may be opened to see Jesus as his life, his light, his all in all!

We felt quite proud of our barracks last Sunday night (and we think it was quite justifiable). Cleanliness, they say, is next to godliness; but our barracks was not only clean, but exceedingly pretty. The pale green and bright red form a charming contrast, and as the Captain said, we only want a few mottoes to make everything complete. The dining room has also donned its spring dress; but not only is the room exceedingly bright and pretty, but what is perhaps to some of our customers a much more important item, the bill of fare is most inviting. We accepted an invitation (or to be strictly honest, we suggested it) the other day to dinner, and we were forcibly struck with the quality as well as the quantity of the menu. But while we are most anxious to make everything as comfortable and homelike as possible, we ever keep in mind that it is our mission not to alone feed the hungry bodies, but to break the bread of life to their even more hungry souls.

Lieutenant Ross bids farewell to pots and pans, and introduces himself to bolts and bars. Many a prisoner in our jail and prison, will welcome him as a herald of good tidings. He will visit them during their confinement, and upon their discharge, will do all in his power to help them. Invite them to our Prison Gate Home, endeavor to obtain employment for them;—but above all, seek to lead them home to Jesus.

Such work is most necessary. A prisoner is discharged; for perhaps six months he has been under the strictest discipline, but, at last he is free. His home is perhaps many miles away; it is true he has been given a ticket to his destination. But, as he steps out into freedom, he is seized with a sense of loneliness; the disgrace of the past rises up before him; he has no true friend to whom he can turn for sympathy; but there is someone waiting for him, even at the very gate there stands one of his old chums. “Let's have just one drink.” And what is the result? The ticket which was to have taken him home, is in many instances, pawned for drink, and in a very short time, before the sun of his first day has set, he is once more behind the iron bars.

But we love these poor, weak ones, and our earnest prayer is, God increase that love, and we are going to try to help them, and arrange that upon their discharge, they shall find, not one of their old chums, but a warm-hearted Salvationist waiting for them, ready to cheer and help them, and lead them to pure and holy lives. God bless our comrades as he, in God's strength, enters upon his new field of labor, and give him the joy of leading many souls into liberty.

About three months ago, a poor, trembling soul sought Jesus in one of our Shelter meetings. In his case, as in all others, the promise, “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,” was fulfilled, and work soon opened up. Although leaving the city, he was determined to be true to God—and connected himself with the Army—where he has ever since been fighting as a loyal soldier. He dropped in to see us the other day, and as we saw his Army badge and his bright smiling face, I heard his testimony to the saving and keeping power of God. Truly, our hearts rejoiced over another brand plucked from the burning.

“You may have a rough voyage through life, but you have nothing to fear while you keep unbelieved love, faith on deck, and Christ at the helm of your vessel.”

(To be continued.)

TRURO.

At free and easy meeting Saturday night A BACKSLIDER RETURNED to God, and ANOTHER ONE RETURNED AT THE SALVATION MEETING SUNDAY NIGHT. Praise God!—Roxney W. PRINCE, Special Correspondent.

THE BEST WAY.

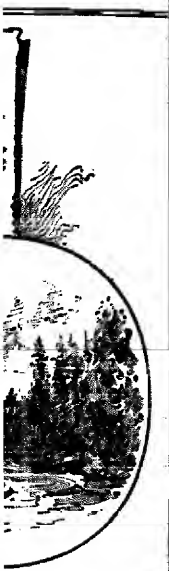
to a face at Billy,
he makes a face at me:
these two little faces
a quarrel, don't you see?
I double up my face
at him, and he'll pay
k by giving me a kick,
as I run away.

I smile at Billy,
and to make him laugh;
if you could see him,
jollier by half
and uglier face.
You all the while,
smarter for any boy
to laugh and smile.

—SUNSHINE—
rboro', N. S.

r comrades, John Watson, in
line later starting. During
AVE HIS HEART TO GOD,
in, amidst pain and suffering,
in the Father's love. He
he was ready to go, and
near mother and rest of the
above. We gave him as
we saw his remains placed
a prayer. God ever to
the call came for us to
to. May God bless the
ONE SOUL came and
We have spent nearly
ther, but farewell order

ONE SOUL came and
We have spent nearly
ther, but farewell order



part of the vineyard, as
past victory and the
as to us, and praying
greater victory and
Kingdom.—Captain

terloo, P. Q.

ing up the fighting, and
at. We thank God for
in our own souls. We
ally. We have friends
ful of us, and for all
o very thankful.—Aunt

IS—LAZY AND DUST.

are boys of the same
our own way to make
is the way Joe does? I
him he waits as long
so to touch it. That
do. He is almost
nd. He does not
nd. He says, "I can't
care." From his
goes straight to his
soon as he can, and
can. He never
y, though he has
does. If he does not
does of work well, he
does know, and then he
mber. He says, "I
amed of my work."
ld, will make a man
th way are you travel
lected.



FRIDAY NIGHT.

Y. W. C. A., Elm St.

Mrs. Booth

—FRIENDS AT THE—

HOLINESS CONVENTION

A Second Time.

A Splendid Meeting.

PENITENTIAL FINALE.

The highly-esteemed editor of the New York contemporary, who nominates our Canadian Hunter CRY by the mysterious term "ecology," and says we want to be particular in printing that word, since it is not found in any of the dictionaries, ought to be present at our Friday Night's, to correctly print the striking things which there take place.

The attendance was, if anything, larger than previously, and the enthusiasm in at white heat, ready to blow up at any moment. The testimonies were of excellent type. Apparently many Army friends are availing themselves of the opportunity to prophesy in the name of the Lord Jesus, and it may truly be said, "Great grace is upon us all."

As inspiring song of a Salvation Army was sung in heaven, was the opening hymn of the convention. Note the Salvation Army of the last verse:

"With salvation for every nation,
To the ends of the earth we will go;
With a free and a full salvation,
All the power of the cross we'll show.
We'll free hell's throngs of slaves,
And win the world for Jesus,
We'll be conquerors forever,
For we never will give up."

Mrs. Booth declared the responsibility of meetings to be not merely on the leader, but also on every person present.

The testimonies had imposed upon them these conditions—brevity, pointiness, in the spirit.

The substance of several was as follows:—

"It was on the third Sunday in January, 1890, God cleansed my heart."

"I'm glad I've found the secret out. He has put His Spirit within me and causes me to walk in His ways. I willingly, lovingly, obediently obey Him."—Captain Armstrong.

"I must decrease that He may increase. I have become smaller since last Friday night. He has placed me in a conquering attitude. I have stepped out on the 'Four notes' of the hymn."—Kathleen Farrer.

"I am lying submissively in the hand of God, but it has cost Him a lot of care to get me where I am now."—Captain Down.

"I am taking out of me all that is Christ."

"I once believed in the imputed righteousness of Christ, but now I know of His imputed righteousness. Speaking to an individual who held the 'imputed' view, I said, 'Suppose you go to a fruiterer and buy of him some oranges which he declares are fresh; then on leading them you find they are rotten, you say, "I thought you said they were fresh." "Yes," replies the fruiterer, "so they are fresh by reputation." You would declare such a thing to be a fraud, and don't you think it is a fraud to say Christ views us as right when we are all wrong?"—Mr. Harvey.

Mrs. Booth, appealing to the uncommitted,

"Why those eloquent regrets and those tears if the Lord can cleanse? Can He? Is He able? Can the blood of Christ cleanse you sin? Thank God, I know it can! I believe what I speak of! I believe in a cleansing, not in words, but in a cleansing, not to regret to say like the Apostle Paul, 'the things which ye have seen and heard, no, no! Let us realize that the Gospel of Christ is committed to our care; it is our power either to drag it down or to exalt it in light in such a way that the people may see away from Him of whom it speaks.'"

"Every man casts a shadow behind him, and know Jesus by the shadow He left behind. No man could manufacture such a shadow as His; only the presence of a Jesus can produce it. And what is the secret of a large life? Simply to follow in His steps."

"I give glory to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost for what He has done for me. I have loved, I owe so much in my life. I praise

Him for keeping me in the midst of great temptation."—Mr. FORD.

"I have Jesus reigning within my heart. He is with me in my home life."—Mrs. Staff-Captain Strassner.

We sang:

"He has pardoned my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow."

"For nine years I was conscious of the experience depicted in the first line, 'He has pardoned,' etc. Then I saw there was a possibility of having the other father experience, 'He has washed me white as snow.' I sought, and sought earnestly, with grieving and tears, finally I was led of the Spirit to yield all to God; then I reached out by faith, and received the definite experience of full salvation, involved in that last line of the song."

"The blood of Jesus washes me whiter than snow," and there is produced in me indescribable joy. He has thus kept me twenty-three years, and I recommend Him to all."—A FRIEND.

Staff-Captain Jewer was led to full consecration, by the good living of a woman, who testified in the barracks to full salvation, and who was watched by the Staff-Captain's brother to see if he lived it out.

Mrs. Booth sang a song running thus:

"Oh, my dear Jesus, I'm coming to Thee,
Oh, my dear Jesus, I'm coming to Thee."

and followed with some of the most rapturous expressions and exclamations we have ever listened to. The death-bed of the minister who had preached to others, and was lost himself, was an awful instance of becoming a "castaway" through vain, glorious motive in service; a vastly happier scene was that depicted in the death-bed of Mrs. General Booth, who sang in triumph:

"I'm believing and receiving,
While I'm to the river go;
And my heart is warm as flames,
Whiter than the driven snow."

Some who are now popular, would not be so much so if they were true men, and delivered the whole truth of God. Jesus was no trimmer of truth, He was not afraid to say, "My brother, you are wrong," and what was the result? they crucified Him.

When telling Mrs. General Booth how she shrank from publicity, and felt it difficult to know what to say, Mrs. General Booth had said to her, "You have a heart, tell them what you feel." "And," continued Mrs. Booth, "I feel we should live out the truth. We ought to do so on account of our homes and children. I said to my little son, Victor, 'I want you to grow up to be a good man,' and Victor said, 'Yes, mamma, just like papa.' I was very glad that I could say to him, 'Just like your mother.'"

Speaking of the incident afterwards, Mrs. Booth said, "I saw a father and his little son of about three. The father was smoking, and the little son wanted to smoke, too, and the father actually



gave the boy a pipe to be like him. How important is that right one? He should be set at home! How vain it is to have a Christian text on the wall and to be fighting underneath it."

We had a splendid finish. The table was surrounded with seekers and the benediction was pronounced.

MAJOR COMPTON, the Commandant's Secretary for Literature, conducted four meetings in connection with the "Life-boat" on Sunday. Staff-Captain Streeton and most of the Headquarters Staff were present; Adjutant Manton also lent a hand.

George, of Bowmanville.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

"The forest, that with puny eye
Just shoots along one summer ray,
The forest, which the breath of spring
Waken into life for half a day.
The resolute note, the tenderest hair,
All feel a heavenly Father's care."

CUNNINGHAM.

On a barren reef, under a tropical sun, with 700 miles of heaving waves between them and the nearest civilization, was indeed a sorry position.

Out of the ill-fated vessel, one little kid had managed to escape. Everyone looked with pitying eyes on the innocent little thing, but there was no alternative, it had to die to provide food. Then there was a number of large ungainly birds that sat in rows along the reef, and which were no tamer than they suffered themselves to be killed without an effort to escape. In a few days, however, those left became shy, and finally flew off to return no more.

When the tide was down, and the ship was only just submerged, the opportunity thus offered was eagerly seized to get from the wreck anything portable. A keg of water was landed, and the allowance for each person fixed at three wine glasses a day. For five days they subsisted thus, till thirst reached almost a paroxysm. On one occasion, when almost delirious, John George crept round in the gloom of night to the water keg, and sliding the drowsy sentry, who was responsible to guard every drop of the precious fluid, removed the spile cap, and slaked his burning thirst with a good, long draught. "I never felt the thirst so bad after that," says George.

The doctor, who had at one time been on a British man-o-war, proved a saviour. He said that if they could get a big copper and a few other things from the wreck, he could construct a condenser, which would produce from the salt sea water all they would need for drinking purposes.

The labor involved was herculean, but it was for dear life, and every man did his utmost. In a few days, their efforts were rewarded in seeing the condenser completed, and the prospect of death from thirst postponed.

The next undertaking was to construct a boat big enough to hold the party. To detail the many difficulties that were encountered and overcome would be monotonous. But a fine example of the value of co-operation was afforded in the result obtained: they dived under water, and succeeded "The Jersey Line," their vessel, of 1,000 tons, which had been wrecked out of Plymouth; they saved the plank, they steamed and bent them into shape, they caulked the joints, and turned out quite a passable vessel.

All were jubilant. Then they launched her. Alas, alas! she rapidly filled, and would have sunk, had they not hauled her on to the rock with all speed. With all their care, they found their workmanship very faulty, and in many places the water found an entrance. This was disheartening, but they were desperate. They would wait till morning, as it was now late, then they would see what could be done.

In the morning it was found that through lying partially in the water, the timbers had swollen, and they might now venture on their 100-mile trip. With all speed, and every provision made that was possible under circumstances, they hoisted sail, and steered their boat for Moreton Bay, on the east coast of Australia. Providence favored them. Smooth sailing was experienced, and early one morning they found themselves in the neighborhood of the Bay.

Sailors are ingenious men. George got tramped south to Sydney, N.S.W., and got work as a cabinet maker at Tremaine's, in Pitt Street. From there he went north to Newcastle, as a builder. Here, while camping out, he learned how to make damper (bread), and Billy too. Then he became electrician, becoming as nimble in navigating his quadruped as he had been in steering a ship, and running a shaft, or splicing a rope. He was certainly a man of many parts.

About this time he revisited the old home in Cornwall; he might have stayed there, but the free life of Australia unites a man for the Old Country order of things, accordingly George returned to the place of which the Irish emigrant sings:

"They say it's a hard world for all,
And the sea shows always there."

But he had learned by now the truth of a very ancient record, viz., "It is not good for man to be alone." Accordingly, he carried off with him this time one of the

dark-eyed true-hearted daughters of Cornwall to grace the far-off Australian home. He reached his destination alright, and chose Glen Innes, in New South Wales, as his home. For a while all went merrily, but as even the bright sky of Australia is sometimes shrouded in pally blackness and tempestuous gloom, so was it to be with George. May be the prayers of the old Bible Christian couple were yet before the throne in great power, and though shipwreck and tempest had failed to melt the steel-clad heart, the removal of his tenderest friend might. To confer upon her the crown of life might win him.

Death came.

They laid his wife in the grave. What now were his hopes and land to him. Said the doctor, "Go away, Mr. George, seek a complete change. Your disease is of the mind and heart. Come back in six months." Said to my his grief he never took to Jesus.

George left, but returned no more. Years after, with the present Mrs. George, he came to Canada, still unconverted. "What kind of a husband was he, Mrs. George?" I asked.

"Oh," said Mrs. George, "kind enough, only a slave to the devil."

Hard but true, the noble old soldier who had faced life's dangers by food and field, and whose hair was whitening with years, had gone down again before the drink, an enemy whose very subtlety had won him.

He met one night in the barracks at Bowmanville. Blessed be God for the living witnesses for Christ in the Army. That platform was a convicer. The child of the old Brynneite preacher knew that it was no wild fire that had transformed those men. The glow of the fire, pierced him to the quick. He saw himself a sinner. His position before his God rose up before him and glared at him like a ghost. He made his way to the door with a face like Judas likely had.

"Come on back, Johnny," said the imploring voice of a soldier. "No," was the reply.

But before long he did come, and, says George, "I shouted, yes, and I did not care if all Bowmanville heard me." At last the old day could say:

"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I sail the wide sea no more;
The tempter may creep, o'er the wide stormy deep,
But I am safe where the storms come to meet."

From Free Press, April 14th, we extract:

ENSIGN GALT'S FAREWELL.

Affecting Address Before a Large Gathering in the Barracks.

With the Toronto train last night, Miss Ethel Galt, Ensign of the Salvation Army, left the city for home, having been in Ottawa for about one year, in charge of the corps of this District.

Miss Galt has exercised a wonderful influence for good, not alone over the many somewhat turbulent spirits who were wont to look upon the barracks as the place to have a good time, in anything but a spiritual sense, but also over many attracted at first by curiosity, and held by the vivid expounding of the way of righteousness. At the barracks last night, the Ensign's first and last thought was, as usual, for others.

"Dear friends," she said, "I am going away. You shall see that the Captain shall not wait for anything to eat, will you? You may think I am joking, but sometimes we get very hard up."

"I was looking forward to another summer's work among you. It is hard, oh, so hard, to leave you. I thank God I am a thorough Salvationist. If any should say I am leaving the work, you may contradict it; I am a Salvationist until I die. Some people say to me, 'I do not believe as you do,' but dear friends, it is not what you or I believe, but what God says. I beseech you turn and wash your robes white in the blood of the Lamb. It is a real warfare, but I rejoice in this fact, that there is help in Christ. If your friends are all against your taking this step, trust in Christ. He will give you all that you need. Oh, precious people, will you not turn to Him, Who can save and support you through everything. It seems as though I could not let you go out into the darkness of night, while there is darkness yet in your souls. I pray that you may realize as I do the importance of this matter."

In some quarters there has been a good deal of misconception as to the position of Miss Galt in the Army. It was generally believed, that on account of her position in society previous to becoming a Salvationist, that she was allowed privilege not accorded to the ordinary officers. This was not correct. Miss Galt was treated exactly as others were. The man who had been in jail a hundred times, and the woman past all hopes of redemption, still to her had souls to save. Broken promises of reform were forgotten, and renewed assistance cheerfully given. "How I wish the dear soul was better spiritually, as he says he is physically," was often the prayer. People who had their hands in holy horror at the bare thought of the Salvation Army, acknowledged that the lady who was in charge, could not be other than a true Christian.

Salvation Army Work Amongst Canadian Waifs and Strays

"Jesus said, Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me."—MATTHEW 23:12



COMRADE called in at the Editorial office one morning this week who had just crossed from Sydney, Australia, by the Canadian-Australian line of boats.

Talking at Vancouver he had come right on to Toronto, passing the Commandant on the way.

I took this brother, Secretary Pearson, to three of our social institutions to let him see what the Canadian Salvation Army wing is doing in the way of salvation, body and soul, for the million. Our charming Little Working-women's Home, with its accommodation for nearly a score of destitute, homeless women. The "Lifeboat," with its hotel privileges for the out-of-work and wood-cutting plant, he thought was an excellent thing; but I believe his heart was touched most deeply by the room-full of toddlers in the Children's Shelter, on Bleeker Street. The two large houses used for this purpose, we found scrupulously clean and so homelike, while one instinctively contrasted the happy condition of these children with what might have been. What sense of suffering has the Christ-spirit in Christmas prevented and relieved!

Secretary Pearson continues his trip round the world with an excellent idea of the value to the poor of our Canadian wing of the great Salvation Army.

Sheltering the Lambs.

BY EMMON A. COWAN.

WE HAVE READ WITH HORROR, years ago, the record of the awful sacrifice of infant life in India, when the deluded mothers would smother down all the natural love for their babes, in the delusive belief that their goddess would be pleased if they were offered in sacrifice, and have wept as we read of the poor woman who laid her little baby on the bank of the sacred Ganges, and sat down, sadly watching it sink in the soft mud, and even when she saw a huge crocodile fix

Its Great Teeth

into the tender body, and heard its cry of anguish, would not move to drive the fierce brute away, because she was afraid of displeasing the goddess in taking or touching what she had offered to her.

People who love God, and "civilized" people, say it's awful, and missionaries are sent out to teach the poor heathen the way of salvation.

But the awful

Sacrifice of Child-life

in our own fair country to the demon of vice, is a subject that rarely enters the mind of many, even good people.

If all the waifs of poor, betrayed womanhood, and helpless, and practically fatherless babyhood, could be heard by the public, as our brave Rescue officers hear it, and if you could see the tiny forms of some we have seen, whose heritage seemed nothing but a feeble constitution, and a hopeless life, who, from the hospital gates are taken to stranger's care, while the poor girl-mother goes out to meet the gaze of a cold world, and toil to support herself and her child; and then, after a few months, to see it

Deep and Die

you, dear reader, would feel like doing something to stop this awful sacrifice, and to help those who are trying to lessen human misery.

The one Who took pity on the six score

Thousand Children

in wicked Nineveh, has heard the cry, as one of our beautiful Army songs expresses it:

"The wailing of human hearts
Ascending up to heaven,
In heart, and in the Lord departs
To deliver and bless."

And imparting His spirit of love in the Army's ranks all over the world, and to dear Mrs. Booth and her helpers in "fair Canada."

A nursery has been established in connection with the various Rescue Homes, where the poor lambs can be sheltered, and their helpless babyhood made as bright as it can be; not to encourage sin, but to help the sinner against, and where that redeeming mother-love has a chance to develop, and the little ones cared for, for a short time, until homes are opened up for them in Christian families. But sometimes in spite of all our care, they fade and die. But, of course, we have the joy of knowing we have made

The Little Sad Life

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

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as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.



to a skeleton, also has passed away since then. We have got its mother a good situation in a Christian family, where, we believe, away from the temptations of city life, she will start afresh and successfully the journey of life.

"Are you all right, dear, in your soul, before you go away?" we queried.

"Yes; I got right with the Lord this morning when I was praying," she replied. And we could not but pray as she passed out of the Home doors, and left the sad women of her little one's

Painful Life

and death behind, that the memory might never leave her, but that she might be kept from the evil that is in the world.

In passing out of the warm nursery, with its six little cradles, where our two

"I want to give you her clothes and all. I want someone to have them who will be good with them; and the cot is to be kept sacredly for the use of any poor, sick, or disabled child," said her poor mother in a Rescue officer.

"I cannot bear to come across any of the things. The last time I saw her, she lay dead in that cot."

While we tried to comfort the poor, tortured mother-heart with the hope of a reunion in heaven if she lived for God, we could but feel how inadequate

Human Words

were to comfort in a sorrow like this. "I shall give a yearly subscription to keep the cot," was also the kind promise, and we felt as if the cot and little clothes were a solemn trust to be used for God.

We were telling a lady about the little ones who had died, and she said, "Well, it's better;

Nobody Wants Them."

but we felt glad there was room for them in the Kingdom of Heaven, and that we are trying to keep the twofold injunction, "Feed My lambs, and feed My sheep," if they are the wandering ones who are out of the fold. France God. Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

If any mother, who realizes, would like to help on this branch of work, write Mrs. Commandant Booth, 46 Jameson Avenue, Toronto.

HELP THE SHELTER.

BY LIEUTENANT J. M. WOOD.

TURN—March on, we bring the jubilee.

There are many children roaming everywhere, Looking food to eat and clothing for to wear;

The Army loves to help them, and in its nice Children's Shelter.

CHORUS.

We will, we will, we'll help the war along.

We love to see the blessed work go on; We will try and save them all from doing what is wrong.

The little ones in the Shelter.

They have no loving mother to lead them up to God, They have no tender father to point them to the Bless;

We must try and lead them to our Father's fold.

The little ones in the Shelter.

We will try and save them from a life of sin,

We will try and win them for our Heavenly King;

He will surely hide them in the shadow of His wing,

These poor waifs in the Shelter.

Jesus died to save them all, to save them every one,

Jesus lives to help them, if they only to Him come;

We must try and lead them to Him while they're young,

His redeemed in the Shelter.

Now, dear friends, we want you all to give helping hand,

And help us save the children, the needy in our land;

So come to our assistance, and help us all you can

To save the children in the Shelter.

CHILDREN'S SHELTER, 218 BLEEKER STREET, TORONTO.

We are very anxious for the readers of the WAR CRY to know how we are getting on in the Children's Shelter. Nineteen is our number. You family people can readily understand the times we have—tried and wonderful.

When the bell for breakfast rings, there is quite a commotion for a time, every child so eager to get to their proper place. With eyes closed, they sing:

"Be present at our table, Lord,"

as if their meal depended upon it.

assure you
and whatever
like some of
met, first m
they are. w
going to hav
fine appetite
Our num
will tell you
living for o

Rosie, a
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upon her a
Army Shelter
Poor, we
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wretched, c
in her heart
starvation.
such poor wa
care and love
Elsie has b
over three y
aged little on
"Innig power
"Hide away,
to get a free
Maggie, on
to a new hom
her sweet, sm
way of singin
"Joni

Newton por
singing, and
has caught on

He has the w
it: "We're

Tony por
and their w
invitation t
Shelter, and
little ones cu
happ you w
their little liv
Yours, to

A Time of

The meeting
swinging all th
of things. A
pleading, unwa
RUSHED TO

"Oh, the shoutin
Oh, the cheer
wailing notes
Wilder than t

The captives w
the drum beate
hardly would h
Monday, we
Up the street
and that way
quest. Time r
Hack, and the
What does h
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deep, with h
walking seven
being ready f
was given, an
head was wit
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or fire Salvati
street. A real
for the musical
was all there.
service. A hos
sisters were p
bleased time w
happ of joy,
campaign was
give to Jesus
pious.

We still are
now have rece
Cross.—Lieuten
Smock.

Adjut

HARBOR G
with us, EIGI
Wednesday m
bleased time,
had been convers
not together.

At the soldier
deeper plinge
TEN PRISONER
for the week.

Stray

ie."—MATTHEW 23:1.

you her clothes and
have them who will
and the coat is to be
of any poor, old,
her poor mother is

to comfort the
with the hope of
if she lived for God, a
adequate

in Words

sorrow like this
yearly subscription
also the kind promise
we cot and little child
to be used for God
a lady about the
died, and she said

Saves Them,"

There was room for them
Heaven, and that was
the twofold promise
they lamb, and feed
they are the waste
who are out of the fold
Jesus said, "I
to call the righteous
to repentance."
mother, who reads
to help on this branch
write Mrs. Commis-
sion, 46 Jameson Avenue.

P THE SHELTER.

THANK J. M. HARRIS.
Morrow on, we bring
justice.

many children coming
and clothing for
to help them, and
have, and
Shelter.

WOMEN.

Il, we'll help the
blamed work go on
have them all from
ing, in the Shelter.

loving mother to
God
enter father to
Benedict:
lead them to
in the Shelter.

ave them from a
d win them for
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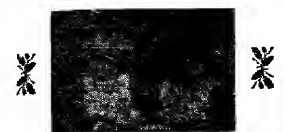
ER'S SHELTER,
r Street, Toronto

t for the reason
how we are getting
better. Nineteen
people can really
we have—varied

breakfast ring, then
or a time, every
proper place. With

table, Lord,
ded upon it

assure you they do enjoy their porridge,
and whatever the little folks along, and
like some other little folks whom I have
met, first meal not over very long, when
they are wondering whatever they are
going to have for dinner. They all have
fine appetites, which is a good sign.
Our number at present is large, so we
will tell you of a few this time. Keep be-
lieving for others later on.



Renie, a fine, fat, healthy, fourteen-
month-old child, so cute and cunning in
her way, has learned the art of firing a
"volley," and looking up her little hand.
Visitors coming through the Home look
up at her as a fine sample of Salvation
Army shelter care.

Poor, wee Minnie, a little skinny, and
almost lifeless form, was brought to us by
a wretched, drunken mother, with no love
in her heart for it, and just on the verge of
starvation. Thank God for a place where
such poor waifs can come and receive the
care and love they should have.

Elsie has been one of our number for
over three years: a beautiful, fat, brown-
eyed little one, who can sing with the
"sing power," and clap her hands to
"Hallelujah," with almost enough go in it
to set a free and easy rolling.
Maggie, our little "sunbeam," has gone
to a new home (being adopted). We miss
her sweet, smiling face, and her childish
way of singing.

"Jesus loves me, this I know,"

Newton possesses a real, good voice for
singing, and having a quick ear for music,
has caught on to the very popular song.

"Me jins 'em."

He has the words slightly mixed, he puts
it:

"We're after the dollars and cents."

Many persons interested in the little ones
and their welfare, we extend a very hearty
invitation to come and visit the
Shelter, and see for yourselves how the
little ones enjoy what they have, and per-
haps you will feel led to help brighten
their little lives by helping in some way.

Yours, to help the little ones,

SHELTER OFFICERS.

A Time of Great Joy—Where?

The meeting started with a swing, and kept
swinging all through, and ended with all sorts
of things. A lively prayer meeting, lots of
praising, unwavering faith, and TWO SOULS
RUSHED TO THE MERCY SEAT.

"Oh, the shouting, oh, the praying, oh, the believing.
Oh, the cleansing stream did flow,
Washing stains of condemnation
Wider than the driven snow."

The captives were set free. Now it begins:
the drum beats, the hands clap; the baritone
hardly would hold us.

Monday, we were again on the war path.
Up the street and down the street, this way
and that way, preparing for the great ban-
quet. Time rolls by, and it is almost here.
Back, and the S. G. rushes to the door.
What does he cry? Why, ten or twelve
Breadfruiters marching down the street two
deep, with heads erect, as good soldiers,
wearing seven miles. God bless them. All
being ready for the march, another signal
was given, and the Gilt brass and string
band was with us, with their Captain and
Lieutenant. A few minutes later, fifty-four
or five Salvationists went marching down the
street. A real lively open-air was held. Now
for the musical bizness. The hallelujah Gals
were all there. Gals string band did good
service. A host of testimonies were given;
sinners were pleaded with to come to God; a
blessed time was spent. We wound up with
hymns of joy, feeling that the three days'
campaign was one of victory and success. We
give to Jesus glory.—E. N., Special Corres-
pondent.

Carbonars.

We still are seeing souls saved. Three per-
sons have recently made their way to the
Cross.—Lieutenant PETERMAN, and Captain
SPOCK.

Adjutant Smeeton.

HARBOR GRACE—Adjutant Smeeton
with us. FIGHT BOUNTY SALVATION.

Wednesday night (converts' meeting) was
a blessed time, when TWENTY-FIVE, who
had been converted during the last six weeks,
met together.

At the soldiers' meeting, SIX MORE got a
water-plunge into the fountain, making
TEN PRISONERS and ONE BACKSLIDER
for the week.—MIRIAM BURTON, Cadet.

News From Social Tailors.

BY MRS. BOOTH'S RESCUE SECRETARY.



FROM the far East, to
the distant shores of
British Columbia, news
from the Rescue War
continues to be very
encouraging.

Dear Emig Fitzpatrick writes: "We
have five girls in our
Home, and all of them are saved. I have a
great deal more love than I used to have, and
feel I must lean on God. I never realized the
wonderful privilege of prayer as I have
since being alone (so far as officers go),
but am feeling encouraged since Captain
Headly arrived."

Captain Jordan, Winnipeg, says: "We
are more than full up. If we can only get
a larger building, the work could be done
on a larger scale here. Praise God, we
are keeping well ahead, and not a bit dis-
couraged."

She is also speaking of the need of more
officers.

Another officer writes: "I am learning
a little of what it means to be a Rescue
officer. My heart is full to-night, as I
have listened to the story some of the girls
have been telling. One has made a con-
fession. Came home broken-hearted from
the meeting, and could not go to bed until
she had told me all. She had failed many
times, but started again on Sunday. She
is ill, and I am afraid will die; but she
says she is ready. Another was so anxious
about her soul, went to soldiers' meeting;
but not having a chance to get saved there,
came home and got right with God. She
feels she will serve God amidst every diffi-
culty."



MAGGIE.

"A new girl I admitted into the Home,
has gone to bed crying over her sins, and
feeling she is too wicked for God to save
her."

"This is part of my experience since
Sunday, so you will know now the spiritual
part of the work is progressing."

Halifax Home, in care of Emig Har-
vey, was opened on the 15th April, and
has already five girls. She also writes the
prospects are very encouraging for a glo-
rious work. The need here, is perhaps
greater than in any city of the Dominion.
Financially, we are doing nicely, and hope
soon to be clear. Pray for us.—Good for
Halifax.

Next week we expect to give an account
of the third anniversary of the St. John
Rescue Home.

One of the dear girls from there, who
has been moved for about a year and a half,
has written a very encouraging letter. She
says:

"I am—and I are soldiers. I have many
dark hours, but can always praise God for
the sunshine after they are over. I am
not sanctified yet; yet I have made up my
mind to be a true soldier, not only of the
Salvation Army, but of Jesus. I think
this last year has been the happiest of my
life. I don't make much noise about it,
still I have the glory in my soul. Our dear
J—has gone home. Now, as I write, I
can look out to the little grave where she
is lying. She was so loving and good. I
can never go in there without thinking
about her."

This was one of the girls who was saved
in the Home, and died triumphantly, pre-
viously referred to.

At the station the other day, in Toronto,
a lady, with a small parcel, might have
been seen boarding a train for the West.
There seemed nothing unusual to the group
of onlookers; "but thereby hangs a tale," as
people so often say. A Chinaman, with
almond-shaped eyes, and a long, very long

pigtail, and most oriental appearance,
seemed to get the most share of being
gazed at by the crowd, except by the two
Salvationists, who were more interested in
seeing the Rescue lady off. Often, while
in the Home, we noticed her in a very
quiet mood, and on questioning her, it was
always the same answer, "I was thinking
about my poor dead mother," while a burst
of tears would finish the sentence.

Her life had been indeed a sorrowful one.
Kicked by a cruel brother when she was a
little child, which caused her a life-long
suffering; left an orphan to the tender
mercies of a cold world; made to suffer
unjustly; her's was a sad, lonely life, but
being brought to the Home by the "League
of Mercy," she has spent some very happy
hours with us, and although a saved girl,
yet not delivered from temper. She gave
herself up to the Lord the evening before
she went away.

God has been so good in opening up
homes for the girls in Christian families,
and she, with others, have been sent to
different places in Ontario. She is very
happy in her new home, and writes cheer-
fully. We are praying that the brightness
of the present may help her to forget the
dark past.

One more little glimpse into the work
before we close.

"Are you ready to meet God if He called
you away? Are you clear in your experi-
ence and conscious that you are forgiven,
dear?" was the question put to a lady the
other day, who had been seeking God, but
could not seem to grasp the promises by
faith.

A tremulous "No," and her anxious face
led us to feel the necessity of it being
settled at once.

"Go to your room, and shut the door,
and settle it now with Jesus, won't you,
and we will ask Him to give you the vic-
tory."

A few minutes spent in wrestling prayer,

and then a timid knock at the door, and
the breathless exclamation:

"I can't get it; will you pray with me?"

This was the chance we had looked for,
and, quickly, by the side of the bed, we all
knelt together in prayer, but the light did
not come.

"If I said I would give you something,
you would believe me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"And God, who is Truth itself, and
could not lie, has said, 'Though your sins
are as red as crimson, I will make them as
white as snow,' and can't you believe Him,
even if you do not feel anything?" we con-
tinued.

"Yes," came at last.

"Well, tell Him so."

After singing,

"I do believe that Jesus died for me,"

and thanking Him, she took salvation by
faith and entered into peace. May she be
kept true.

A. D. COWAN, Rescue Secretary.

Editor W. T. Stead, in his new book on
Chicago, makes the following remark re-
specting us:—

"The Salvation Army lives among the
poorest people, works with them, gathers
them together every night, and contributes a
valuable element to the building up of a
safer and sounder citizenship than that which yet
prevails in many precincts of Chicago."

OUR FAMILY ALTAR.

Be holy and without blame before Him in
love.—EPHESIANS 1:4.

Love vanqueth not itself, is not puffed up.—
1 CORINTHIANS XIII. 4.

Great peace have they that love Thy law,
and nothing shall offend them.—PSALMS
CXLV.

God so loved the world that He gave His
only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth
in Him should not perish, but have everlast-
ing life.—JOHN III. 16.

If you love, you will unconsciously fulfil the
whole law. Love—it is the rule for fulfilling
all rules, the new commandment for keeping
all the old commandments. Christ's own
secret of the Christian life.—DUNNISON.

Intellectually God can never be known;
He must be known by love, for if any man
love God the same is known of Him.—F. W.
ROBERTSON.

If our love were but more simple
We would take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
—FARMER.

Love never contracts its circles; they widen
by its fixed and sure law as those around a
pebble cast into still water.—A. KEMPER.

15 per cent. Interest!



INVESTED IN THE

S. S. C. C.

Christ's Sick Officers.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

If any branch of Salvation Army work
should more particularly engage our warm-
est sympathy and ready help, surely it is
the fund established for the relief of
Christ's sick and wounded officers. They
are Christ's indeed! Those who are ill and
afflicted can usually count upon Christian
love and sympathy; how much more should
this be the case with our noble Salvation
Army officers, whose sickness and wounds
are due to their devoted service for our
King!

Will Christians, of all denominations,
please remember to contribute to this fund
in special! Homes of Rest are helped
from it, in various parts of our Dominion,
and more are imperatively needed. Many
officers, after a period of well-earned repose,
return to their posts strengthened anew for
the war; but, of course, there are cases
where Christ calls His faithful Captains and
Lieutenants to promotion and glory in
heaven.

Oh, comrades of our Army, and fellow-
Christians of any and every church, let us
do all in our power to contribute to this
fund! Let Christ's sick officers have our
 fervent prayers, loving sympathy and sub-
stantial help "in the name of the Lord
Jesus." Amen.—Hallelujah!

As a father, in a garden, stooped down to
kiss a child, the shadow of his body fell
upon it. So many of the dark misfortunes
of our life are not God going away from us, but
our Heavenly Father stooping down to give
us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting
love.—TALMAGE.



Salvation Songs.

Dare to be a Soldier.

BY LIEUTENANT M'CAIN.

TUNE—Dare to be a Daniel.

- 1 Dare to be a soldier,
Fighting for your God;
Dare to have a heart made white
In your Redeemer's blood.

CHORUS.

Dare to be a soldier
In our Army brave;
Dare to live for Jesus,
Poor lost souls to save.

Dare to be a soldier,
Saved from every sin;
Dare to be a conqueror,
Have victory within.

Dare to be a soldier,
In the hardest fight;
Dare to have your garments
Spotless and white.

Never Say Die!

BY BEN BRYAN.

TUNE—New my die.

- 2 We are soldiers, bravely fighting,
And in the war delighting;
We are marching on to war,
With the Saviour as our Leader,
Our courage never shall waver,
We His valiant soldiers are.
In the Saviour's might,
We bravely fight,
Gaining the powers of sin and hell.
Tho' the foe fight hard against us,
They never can defeat us,
We'll the powers of darkness quell.

CHORUS.

Never my die, etc.

Oh the devil may distress us,
But God will never leave us,
While we put our trust in Him.
And although the foe oppresses,
They never can defeat us,
Jehovah's mighty power shall reign.
We shall conquer by His hand,
And the King shall see,
If we're faithful to the end,
Yes, we shall enjoy His favor,
And live with Him for ever,
In that bright and happy land.

We must be strong and courageous,
Our Saviour then will make us,
Conquerors over every foe.
He will never, never leave us,
But will the victory give us,
As we on to battle go.
Then when fighting's done,
And we're summoned home,
To that land of light and love,
We will praise Him Who redeemed us,
Delighting in His Praises,
Wearing robes washed in His blood.

Long I Wandered.

BY W. A. R.

TUNE—In the gloaming.

- 3 Long I've wandered in the darkness
Down the paths of sin and shame,
Led away by evil passions
Of this erring, earthly frame;
Wavering 'neath a load so heavy,
Reeling blindly to the tomb,
Sure for me there is no room
From sin's snare and doom.

CHORUS.

Oh, my Saviour! oh, my Saviour!
Oh, my Saviour crucified!
I was lost, yes, lost for ever,
But He bowed His head and died.

I who spurned the voice of Jesus,
Grieved His Spirit from above,
Surely cannot seek a refuge
In His wondrous dying love!
Yes, 'tis true, 'o' now I hear Him
Calling, oh, so soft and low—
Come to Me, I'll cleanse and heal you,
Wash you white as driven snow.

Then I came, and at His bidding,
Guilt and fear oppressed no more,
Darkest night brought noon-day sun-
shine.

Peace and joy from heaven's shore.
Oh, ye sinners, sorrow-laden,
Rushing down to dark despair,
Come to Jesus, He will save you,
For He longs your load to share.

Mrs. Booth's Very Latest Musical Gem.

Dear "War Cry."—The words and music of this little chorus I composed in an old moment, and I pray that the singing of it may inspire some down-hearted soul. Yours for the salvation of the masses.—CORNELIE BOOTH.



What Will Ye Do?

BY M. L. VICTORIA.

TUNE—Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon.

- 4 What will ye do when life shall end,
And judgment opens the ye're view,
If you've no Jesus for ye're friend,
An' got His seal too tak ye there?
How can a soul too judgment go
Without first tramping on their Lord,
For, oh! He gave His life for you,
An' be't salvation wi' His blood.

CHORUS.

I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

For 's the sorrows Jesus knew,
For 's the pain, the grief, the wrong,
Just recompense shall God demand,
A strict account from every man.
Oh, sister, come to Jesus now,
He'll pardon a' that guilty past,
An' give ye grace an' strength each day
The live for Him while life shall last.



SISTER MRS. MOYCE, Promoted to Heaven.

TORONTO, ATTENTION!

3 P. M., EVERY FRIDAY, IN BASEMENT
OF TEMPLE, ALBERT STREET,
Holiness Meeting

CONDUCTED BY
MRS. BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

Every Salvation Army Soldier and
Friend is earnestly invited to attend some
or all these meetings.

Central Ontario Province.

The Headquarters for the Central Ontario
Province is, corner Lippincott and Ulster
Streets.

NOTICE THIS CHANGE.

Post Office orders are made payable to
ALFRED DE BARRITT, Spadina Avenue,
Toronto.

Order Your TRIMMED BONNET Early

To get it in time. Now is the rush.
All Prices.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, April 26, 1894.

A GENERAL.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, in his world renowned book, "Self-Help," tells a story illustrating the enthusiasm the presence of a good leader excites in the hour of apparent defeat. Muley Moluc, a Moorish Prince, celebrated in the Spanish wars, and greatly beloved by his soldiers, had retired from the battle's front to die. The Moors, missing his magnetic presence and commanding figure, wavered in the fight, and gave way before the Spaniards on every hand. The news reached Muley Moluc dying in his tent, and gathering up the last few energies of his rapidly dissolving form he said, hoarsely, "Put me on my steed, and help me to the front."

When the Moors saw their white-bearded chieftain's form again, the word rang along the field, "Moluc is at the front, forward!" Then dashing with fresh energy at the foe they won the battle just about the time their own general breathed his last.

OUR GENERAL.

Thank God, our General has not retired into his tent to die, neither are his troops wavering in battle; on the contrary, there is every evidence to show that the determined advance of the whole Army against the kingdom of darkness was never more wholeheartedly pushed than at present, while the illustrious example of the General is an inspiration to all. The coming of the anniversary of the General's fiftieth year of service has been made the occasion for another great forward charge of the forces in the United Kingdom.

Amongst the objects, upon which the energy of our fellow-soldiers there will be concentrated, are the enlistment of 1,000 field officers, the enrolment of 50,000 new Juniors. The opening of the Salvation Campaign in Java, Japan, and other countries, and the raising of a fund of 350,000 dollars for debt extinction and war extension purposes. Towards this point, the General himself has donated a legacy of 100,000 dollars, which has recently been left him in an entirely unconditional way, and no doubt the forces in the Old Land will bring along the balance in the victorious style usual with them. We wish our General and British comrades God-speed in their great Jubilee effort.

CANADA, TOO.

We, in Canada, feel the inspiration of the General's noble presence at the front of the War. The Commandant, who has just returned from the North-West, with his faithful A.D.C., Brigadier Holland, declares we shall have the opportunity of doing something at this Jubilee time, to practically express our gratitude to God for continuing to us such a General, and giving the world such an organization as the Salvation Army.

The Commandant will unfold to us next week, a series of new plans for Canada, that will likely make the blood of every Canadian Salvationist run hot with enthusiasm. Our Canadian Wing has been making vigorous and successful strides last year, but we are going to eclipse all past results in 1894. Success to our noble Army, and especially the Canadian Wing; let every soldier continue to pray for an increased measure of blessing on all its operations, and shout hallelujah in anticipation of the coming victory.

Mrs. Booth, accompanied by Major Campbell, Staff-Captain Streeton, and Adjutant McMillan, visited our new farm this week. Mrs. Booth considers it a MOST DELIGHTFUL SPOT.

The Russian prince—Prince Galtzoff—recently visited Holland. During his stay, he was the guest of Major Schock, the father of Mrs. Herbert Booth. He has now returned to Russia, a warm admirer of the Salvation Army.

Rapid City.

"Time's up, fall in," were the words heard at the Sweden Training Garrison, Tuesday morning, at five o'clock.

There being a musical jubilee meeting announced to be held at Rapid City, Tuesday, April 10th, led by Adjutant Magge, assisted by all the officers of the Brandon District, also the Cadets of the Garrison, on account of the roads being bad, it was impossible for some to go. But the Adjutant is not the man to be stuck. So it was arranged that we should march to Rapid City, a distance of twenty-two miles. We marched out of Brandon singing.

"We are soldiers in the Army."

Captains Smith, Isaacson, and Lieutenant Davidson, and Brother Bayne, our camp followers, brought up the rear in the Rapid City war chariot; Captain Cromarty being told of time-keeper. We had a prayer meeting at the end of every hour. We had got as far as Mr. Jerik's farm, we rested for two and a half hours, and had lunch before we left his house. We had a prayer meeting, which resulted in the conversion of Mr. JAMES. HALLIDAY.

After marching about 100 yards from Mr. Jerik's, we heard a shout from behind us to stop. After asking what was wanted, we were made to understand that Mr. Jerik was hitching up his wagon to drive us down the road for a short distance. During the time the team was hitching up, four or five of the



Cadets were having a prayer meeting along a straw stack.

Now for the night's meeting. Held in an open-air outside both hotels, also outside the Mission Hall, where there was a large match going on. We got the very best of God. Our meeting was held in the Church. The enrolment followed, and we were enrolled as soldiers. — C. CROMARTY.

The Com

On Friday night,
God bless you's of the
who had assembled to
out of the Union station
at,
"Never

by the brass band,
over smiling face, was
a final adieu to the Col
land, too, was there a
Brigadier.

The Com

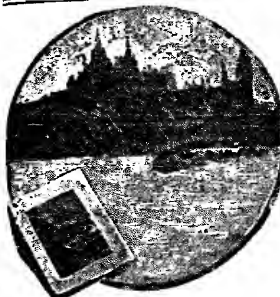
The night was beauti-
ful stars added the moon-
way as bright and safe
any before us was a lot
less than six days and
in before our journey
ing time, however, is no
program. Armed with
writing machines, an
dictionary, we made up
C. P. R. tourist car of
the Headquarters on w
Besides the Salvatio
ing of the Commandant
Archibald, and your
down others shared th
were mostly settlers
Owen, and all appear
disposed towards the
Life on one of these
very similar to what
everybody is at home w
as a rule, quite a feeli
up between the passen
the journey's end.

On Saturday mornin
their early. The situat
The ladies on board
happiest, while the m
were looking out of
the grandeur of the ac
were passing.

At eight o'clock we
joined the through w
Montreal. This is a l
for the Army. We m
and pictured them in
month after the Army
too, we saw several o
smart-looking young m
try and bound for the
arrived at Halifax s
travelling via the Soc
expressed the hope th
distant when these t
turn to our own North
selves on the vast
possessed of all the
agriculture, looks in
cultivate its virgin soil
harvests.

A few hours later
sickle mines at Sadi-
more is full on acco
connected with the
dishes. Here, howev
and prosperous town
on we go. The miles
fly beneath us. Our
meeting and strainin
triumph of civiliza
admire the progress
On the third day,
Here we lay over a co
Ernest Rawling, an
are at the station to
couples at the Frovi
enjoying a palatable
eggs. We are soon al
horses, and once we
West.

Even after leaving
what is perhaps the
this Western country
of Manitoba, of whic
road so much, now bu
of a sea of land, as le
from horizon to horizon
sunning effect on the
lighter and purer wh
grew stronger. The f



OTTAWA.

If love could make one eloquent about a matter, this should prove a very interesting contribution; as certainly my heart and affections are left behind to a great extent in the town, where it has been my good fortune to spend the better part of the past year.

and the view from the tower beautiful. Had several times to go and see some of the members or ministers on business. One day, whilst waiting, went into the gallery of the House of Commons, where a debate or something of the sort was going on, the old member (evidently a friend of the Army) was quite anxious to put me into a front seat—bopnet and all—which, however, I politely declined.

Indeed, I cannot say enough in appreciation of the kindness of all grades of society. Through the sheriff, permission was given to visit the jail, and we had such a blessed time one afternoon, singing and talking with the poor lads and ladies. The Chief of Police, Mr. McVeity, could not possibly have been kinder to us than he was, and used very often to come to the meetings. Then I would so much like to thank the press for the way in which they helped us when opportunity afforded.

And now about the corps. It would be difficult to find many better between the Atlantic and Pacific; at least, we thought so; but then, you know, every crew is apt to think its own the best.

We didn't possess exactly a League of Mercy, but had a Sergeant appointed for hospital visitation, and distribution of WAR CRYs in the different wards, and the papers were eagerly sought after.

towards the Chaudiere Falls, a glimpse of which you see on another page.

It is only a little over one short week since I looked in the faces and clasped the hands of some of my loved comrades, perhaps for the last time till we meet at home; but I do not think that some of the scenes and the many victories of the past year will ever be effaced from my mind and memory, either here or hereafter.

It was hard to say good-bye, but then, Salvationists are always having hard things to do. "It's all in the war," you see; but I pray God's blessing may rest upon the people, and that the victories to come will far outweigh those of the past.

ETHEL GALT.

JUST THE THING FOR ME! THE S. S. C. C.

Quebec, P. Q.

Glorious to Jesus! Since last report the glory of victory has gone up from our midst. Meetings getting better; order good. Wednesday night, we met for soldiers' meeting; we were only a few, yet God was with us; we claimed the presence of God as ours. Thursday night, we went to meeting in faith. God came and answered our prayers by saving TWO SOULS; one a man who had been a backslider for eighteen long years, the other a young man, who had never been converted. Soldiers crying for joy. First saved for over a year. We are living for Jesus. Our hearts are in concert with our Master's, and we believe that real victory shall be ours. Yours in the war.—Captain MILLMAN.

P.S.—Please forgive me for not sending the post card before; my first report for nearly three years, but will try and do better in the future. [It is doubtful if War Cry readers will forgive you, Captain, for so long neglecting them.—Ed.]

What Shall I Do With My Report?

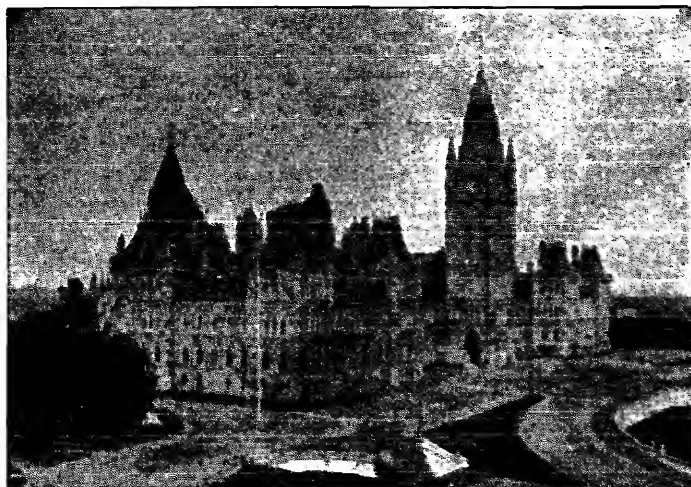
[Reprinted from an antique WAR CRY, published in Toronto, April 10th, 1896. The War Correspondent who is responsible for these lines, evidently knew how to hit the nail on the head; certainly, for an ordinary corps report, the only news needed, is the stark-naked facts of the War.—Ed.]

My first advice, nor is the counsel vain, is that you kindly look at it again. My second this—Before you go to mail it. Take up your pen and very much curbed it. My third—that having seen it duly dated, You try again, and then abbreviate it. This being done, I further would exhort That you resume your work, and cut it short. If much there still be left, 'twill much enhance it. Should you again take courage and condense it. Mark how it mends! Now, in perfection dress it; Take heart once more, and very much compress it. This done, you'll find it's clearness no way dimmed. If it be further shortened, clipped and trimmed; Abridge the whole, boil down, epitomize, And at this stage 'twill be a proper size. Now, to crown all, before the War Cry sees it. My last and best advice is, comrade, squeeze it. We never are pointed, as everyone knows, But this applies to Captains and Specials, as well as B.O's.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Multum in Parvo.

The latest English Cry produces 104 corps reports, a portrait of Staff-Captain Jelliffe, a Special Great City Campaign report, and a three-inch long contribution on applying for the work, all on one page. Truly, this is good measure, pressed down and running over.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.—Main Block.

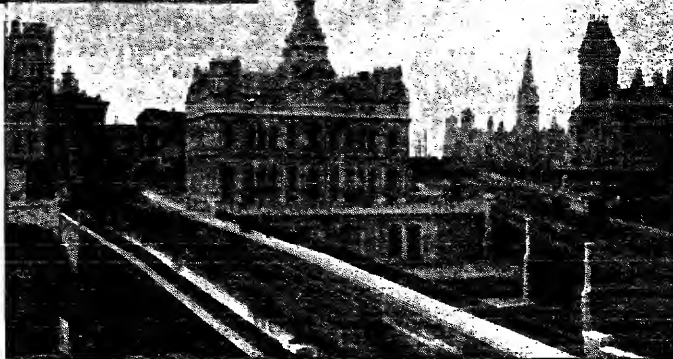
The hard to know where to begin, and possibly, where to leave off. The very picture of the past office, with the dear old clock (which had a way of pointing toward eight o'clock long before we wanted it to), and the square in front, will always touch a chord in my heart. What blessed, beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten times we had there to be sure! And the crowds that used to gather! Why, sometimes we would—my little Captain and I—be almost shouting "Glory" for very joy, as we thought of our wonderful privileges.

Whilst I write, memory flashes back to one summer's evening, when a poor, weary wanderer, a man sunken deep in sin, knelt at the drumhead to seek for pardon. How we prayed with him, kneeling beside him there for nearly an hour. He has had victories in many ways since that night. Hallelujah!

The Parliament Buildings, one wing of which you see, are exceedingly handsome,

Our barracks is very large, and quite a handsome building. I wish I had a photo of it for insurance; but then a photo couldn't possibly do it justice, as it has just been repainted inside, and must be seen to be appreciated.

The scenery round about Ottawa is very beautiful, both east in the direction of Governor's House, and "Rockcliffe Park" (where Mr. and Mrs. Keefe live, who every officer has reason to remember for their many kindnesses), and also out

POST OFFICE SQUARE.
(Where open-air are now held.)

[Photos kindly presented by S. J. Jarvis, Photographer.]

From Cherith's Brook.

Now whilst away from the whirl and rush of the battle's front for a season, having, as it were, breathing space to stand and look, instead of being actively engaged in the fight, how glorious our warfare seems! Ah, we do not one quarter value our privileges as being co-workers together with Him, "Who loved us and gave Himself for us."

"But then the cross is heavy, the excruciating great, the privations many, to those who follow Him wholly," somebody says. This may be so, but in all earnestness and sincerity, I say that to one who has tasted of His love and the joy of service, the heaviest cross, the greatest sacrifice, the deepest privation, is in inactivity. And yet to many of us comes a time when we, as Elijah, must sit day by day beside our brook cherith, learning lessons which we could never learn unless alone with our Lord, and gaining fresh strength and courage to encounter our spiritual Ahab, and

to conquer sin, and bring down the fire of the Holy Ghost upon the people.

My own call to work for Jesus was very definite. How many many times have I been thankful that I tarried (not in laziness, nor inertia, but in prayer) before my Lord, until He said, "Go!"

There is such a sense of security when His voice has hidden us forth to the conflict, though the difficulties may be seemingly insurmountable, and our courage and capabilities so small, yet with the command comes the power to obey.

Brought up in the Church of England, possessed of a sensitive, shrinking nature, at times painfully shy, and with, moreover, a strong antipathy to woman ever going beyond the sphere of home, visiting the poor and society, I seemed, humbly speaking, an unlikely sort of character to develop into a real-hot Salvationist. Truly, His ways are marvellous and past finding out.

I didn't become one all at once, however, it took months and months of moulding to fit me for service; the refining process had to be gone through, which meant plenty of

time in the furnace, and several walks through the valley of humiliation.

In the Army I received that wonderful blessing—that priceless treasure—a clean heart.

The path after this was sometimes far from smooth—my unconventional ways sadly grated upon my loved ones, they did not, could not, understand.

Dress, too, was a bone of contention. "What virtue was there in making oneself unpleasantly conspicuous?" "Why not dress as ordinary mortals?" "What did the style of one's clothes signify to God?"

It is sometimes so hard not to yield in apparently trifling matters, but once begin compromising in the little things and you very soon find yourself doing so in the big ones; and after all to disobey in anything is a grievous sin, and means loss of purity, light and power.

Step by step Jesus led me. The crooked places were made straight, the rough places plain, and at last the call came—came unmistakably—for has He not said, "My sheep know My voice?" It was not hard to

obey. He had my heart and it was an easy thing to give Him my life as well.

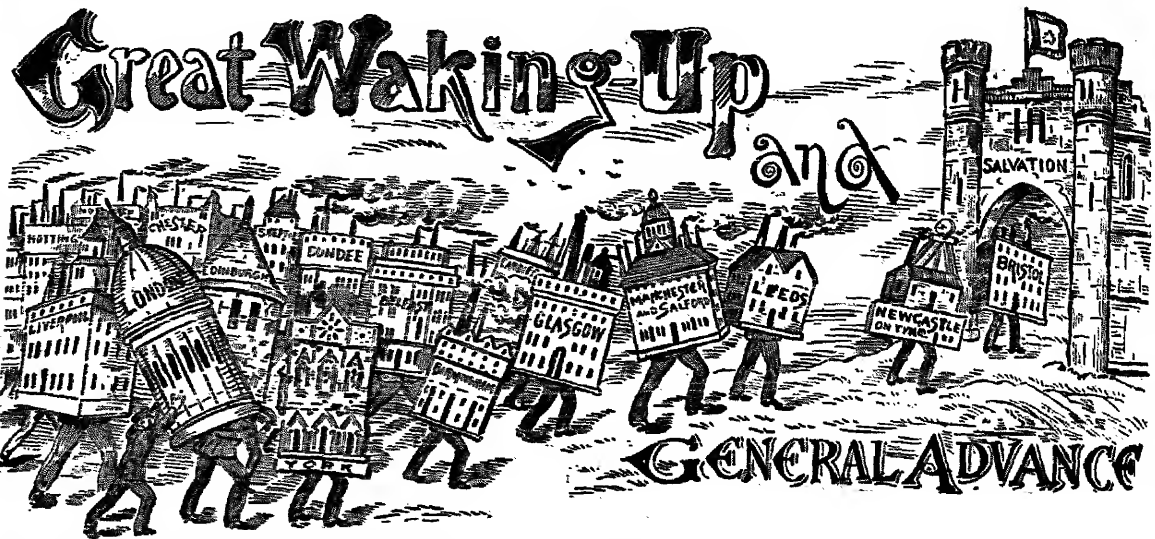
Have I ever regretted obeying Him, do you ask? Am I disappointed in Jesus, or in my work? No, no, never! I love Him more devotedly, and the work? It is my life, dearer than any earthly joy could possibly be.

You, who are standing shivering upon the brink of a glorious life of power and victory—who have within your very grasp opportunities that the angels would rejoice in possessing—don't be afraid to venture out on God's promises. His everlasting arms will be around you, His voice even now is whispering in accents of love, "This I, be not afraid." Trust Him, obey Him, and you will find "His ways are ways of pleasantness and all His paths are peace."

ETHEL GALT.

— INVEST —

— IN —
THE S. S. C. C.



GIST OF THE WORLD'S CRY.

An air of jubilee runs throughout the English Cry. The frontispiece gives a representation of the

Queen's Hall, Regent St., where, on April 19th and 10th, for the first time as yet, the first of the Army trumpet re-echoed through that magnificent hall, inaugurating the first of the series of the General's Jubilee Rejoicings.

Victorious accounts of the General's trip to Wales, when 200 knelt at the penitential form and cried for mercy.

From the "World's End Ruin," is the

way and some another. One little company consisted of two Salvation Army converts of a month's standing, one Salvation Army soldier, a Plymouth brother, and the ring-leader of the unwarlike band.

"These four brothers could not miss this splendid opportunity for a desperate fight for the salvation of the one lost sheep, as they prayed and pleaded with him until he too cried for mercy."

Instant in season and out of season.

The details and victories of the great Summer Campaign in NEW ZEALAND. A large portion of the Cry. The Chief Secretary, in writing of it, says:

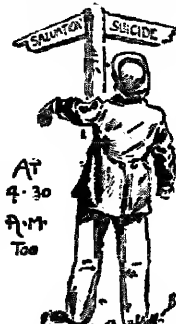
"The campaign is over, and we are hence

owned by God in the salvation of many souls.

In the Melbourne Cry, we find the following good story:

AUSTRALIA.

"A man came to the officers' quarters undecided as to whether he should commit suicide or join the Army. 'To be or not to be, that was the question,' and the Army



folks helped to decide. He had been staying at a pub, so next day when the publican wanted him to have a glass, he refused, and the spider was nettled accordingly. A few days after, the old will-seller tried him with another glass, but he gave him plainly to un-



derstand he was off it for good, and this so nettled the publican, that he pitched a glass of whiskey over him, saying if he wouldn't have it inside, he would have to take it outside. This had no further effect than to wet his clothes."

The current issue of the California Cry, is decidedly a Candidates' paper.

The frontispiece speaks loudly to every man and woman at ease in Zion:

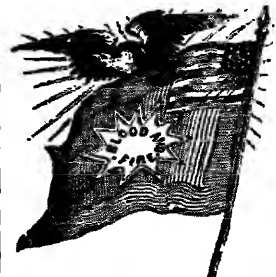
"Men die in darkness at your side, Without a hope to cheer the tomb:

Take up the torch, and wave it wide— The torch that lights time's thickest gloom."

"Candidates' Attention!" is the title of a leading article, which strongly pleads for men and women who are willing to lose even life itself in order to become saviours of men.

The New York Cry contains the story of a typical Western officer, Captain Joe Hawk — a hawk

whose talons are consecrated, as the first page tersely expresses it.



Staff-Captain B. B. Cox gives an interesting account of her trip through Texas, and furnishes the readers of the Cry with a picture of the officer's chummy. We trust that it possesses in quality what it lacks in quantity.

A Swedish corner is another novel feature.



The enthusiastic meeting led by the Commander and Mrs. Booth, in the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., on behalf of our Scandinavian comrades, is minutely described.

EXCHANGE.

Box 1224, GUNNELL, IOWA.

EDITOR OF "WAR CRY."—I would like to exchange one of our United States War Cry for one of the Canadian weeklies. If any officer or soldier will exchange with me I should be pleased to hear from them, and in return will send them one of ours.

CAPTAIN WALKER BOWE, Gunnell, Iowa, U. S. A.

[A good plan. Will some reader kindly communicate direct with Captain Bowe.—Ed.]

tempting title of the graphically-told life-story of Captain Dick Adby.

A railroad interview with the Chief of Staff, bristling with interesting items, contains the following answer to the oft raised question, Why do you have all-night meetings?

"The blinding hurry of the present day is peculiarly opposed to deep, permanent, spiritual work. An All-night gives you six or seven hours, and with ordinary care no single soul ought to escape the most heart-searching examination before God, and the most deliberate presentation of his responsibilities for the souls of others. Then, of course, you get a great many people who cannot attend week-day meetings because of their employment. As a rule, the class of people who come are those who are determined upon the improvement of their spiritual life and personal relations to God. If a man will give up his night's rest in order to renew his spiritual condition and wait on God, he is precisely in that state of soul in which he is likely to get new light and fresh motive power. All-night meetings are big occasions for securing great and abiding blessings."

The officers and a company of soldiers belonging to Sandown (I.O.W.) corps had attended a meeting four miles away. They were accompanied by some unwarlike lads. Officers, soldiers, and unwarlike lads tramped home together, till they came to a place where four roads meet. Here twenty-two of them held an open-air. After this some went one

again, and everyone in feeling tired a bit. Yet, we shall never, never forget the Camp, and its enjoyments, and blessings. Truly, the advertisement of "Twelve Days of Heaven on Earth" was completely verified. All glory to God! We had no complete and blessed answer to prayer as we could possibly look for.

"We desired to put up a standard, as this was the first Camp. It was a model, and no mistake. Some false objects, when the program was issued, that we had too many meetings; but experience proved that the four meetings each day were more than enough to make the impression required, and, moreover, it helped considerably in keeping the whole thing before our mind. The various meetings were well attended, and the results were very pleasing. About forty sought salvation, and some fifty definitely sought the blessing of entire sanctification. Besides this, numbers consecrated themselves to God and the war. This was what we aimed at, and we thank God for the absence of worldliness and mere sentiment."

"Again, there was an absence of grumbling. The whole place was filled with the power of God, and everybody who came felt that it was not an ordinary affair, but that there was something special about it. How could it be otherwise, with so much prayer, and faith, and hanging on to God?"

Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle's welcome meetings are fully reported. A three days' campaign in Luncheon, Tennessee, was



and wave it wide—
time's thickest gloom."

contains the story of
a typical Western
officer, Captain Joe
Hawk — a hawk
created, as the first
it.



Box gives an inter-
view through Texas,
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is another novel



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lf of our Stand-
tely described.

IGE.

GURNELL, Iowa.
—I would like to
States War Cry
weeklies. If any
hangs with me I
rom them, and in
I own.
LEEN BOWEN,
Iowa, U. S. A.
no reader kindly
uptain Bona.—Ed.]



Comrade, are you listening? If so, ponder this passage of Scripture, and become a soldier candidate for the field: "I have not been a watchman upon the house of Israel, therefore shall I not hear the word of my mouth, and shall not be counted among the faithful. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity: but thou shalt not be counted among the faithful."—Ezekiel xxviii, 7.—From the California Cry.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Received with thanks, *The Methodist Magazine*, for May, 1894.

The Australian periodical, *Full Salvation*, for February is, as usual, full of bright, sound salvation literature. Colonel Dowdle occupies a prominent place in the journal, and says many good things. Through Australia's Chief Secretary, Colonel Kilbey, we select the following:

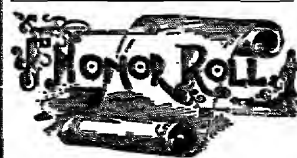
"Colonel Dowdle, warm enough in some respects, is imperceptibly cool in the presence of opposition, and this characteristic was brought out in the following incident. The building used at Plymouth for Army meetings was right alongside a low public-house. Among those who had attended the place was a young girl, who, at her first visit, came in with her sleeves rolled up and arms bare, and had as a weapon an old scrubbing-brush, with which she was going to batter in Dowdle's brains. For the Captain's uncompromising war against the vice that was rampant in the locality had, of course, won for him the intense hatred of the publicans, who had piled the girl with liquor in order that she might do some of his dirty work. However, instead of carrying out her purpose, she found her way to the pentest form, and although still under the influence of drink, she got awfully converted, and became an out-and-out soldier right away. This so enraged the publican that with many an oath he vowed he would bash Captain Dowdle's brains in, and came up to the meeting doubtless with the full intention of carrying out his threat. Captain Dowdle, as his custom was, stood at the door of the building playing the people in, and simply went on scolding his fiddle in the most unconcerned manner possible, while his face gave vent to his spleen and swore his baronet. Fuming with rage, Boniface reiterated his intention of dispersing Dowdle's brains, but the latter, as calmly as Nero is said to have done at the burning of Rome, fiddled away, quietly remarking, 'No, you won't, my boy. I'm too big for you.' As it must be remembered that Colonel Dowdle is probably the biggest Salvationist in the Army, it will be understood that the publican had put in tenders for a contract which was a little beyond his power to carry out.

"One of the strongest points about the Colonel is personal dealing with those within his influence. I have seen him more than once, when walking along the streets of a town, meet with some backslider whom he had known in former years as a servant of God, hail him up, deal with him about his soul in the straightest possible fashion, take hold of the rascal with a firm hand and pin him against the wall, and then take off his hat for a prayer meeting. It didn't matter though it were in the most crowded thoroughfare. He would pray something in this style:—'O Lord, do you know how this fellow used to serve you years ago—how he used to declare he would fight under the colors until he died? Here he is smouldering of drink enough to poison a dozen men. Have mercy on him and save him from going to hell!' And thus

he would go on, and, of course, when the prayer was over, he would and himself surrounded with a crowd gazing open-mouthed at the singular spectacle. Then he would turn round and say, 'What do you lot want?' and would start dealing with the people about their souls. It always seemed to me a remarkable thing that he would never meet with any opposition on occasion of this sort. Generally speaking, the crowd would consist of only two classes of people—one lot who would shake off looking like a dog's tail wiped, and those who gave him a quiet hearing because they admired his thorough bravery and unshakable earnestness."

Liger Street.

HOLLAND MERRILL: THREE OUT for the evening of a given hour, which they get. Captain May led the meeting inside, and kept things moving. In the evening meeting, Mrs. BURNHAM HOLLAND was with us, and earnestly pleaded with the people to seek salvation. TWO DID KNEEL at the pentest-form, and sought mercy.—Cadet NORMAN.



70 OR OVER.	
Captain Miller, Port Arthur.....	75
30 OR OVER.	
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock.....	50
40 OR 0' ER.	
Ensign Moore, Windsor.....	47
Lieut. Hill, Brockville.....	41
30 OR OVER.	
Ben Bryan, Woodstock.....	38
Mrs. Basall.....	37
Capt. Markle, Perry Sound.....	34
Capt. Rutledge, Galt.....	33
30 OR OVER.	
Lieut. Mitchell, Amherstburg.....	27
Lieut. Moulton, Galt.....	26
Sergt. Watson, Petrolia.....	25
Sergt. Mrs. Medlocks, Liger St.....	23
Ensign Creighton.....	22
Sergt. Howlett, Petrolia.....	21
Capt. Bowring.....	20

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or child known or feared to be living in immorality, or in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge no costs for two advertisements (one cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

Those prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The fullest possible particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries, so as to avoid delay and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HENRY J. BROWN, Caretaker, B. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Note.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep in mind the point of changing their address. This is most important.

125 Webster, Eddie Ira. Went to Vancouver, B.C. last November; seen in New Westminster last January; 17 years old—large for his age—hair dark brown and inclined to curl; brown eyes, broad, full forehead; rather large mouth. His father is very sick. Northwest officers please do their utmost.

126 Macpherson, Archibald. Left Bolton, Lancashire, England, 1870 for New York; worked for Mr. Hirsch, Flatfield, New Jersey. Nothing heard of him since. Age 30; height 5 feet 11 inches; fair; brown eyes, rather irregular. Address Mrs. D. Kennedy, Vancouver P. O., B. C.

127 Fulehen, George, alias George Fulehen. Native of St. John, Canada, where he was working on a railroad. Age about 32; medium build; dark hair; eyes very blue. F. B. Cry please copy.

128 Anderson, William. Of Cardiff, Halton County, Ont. Last heard of in the winter of 1891 and 1892, when he was at night-watchman for the Pioneer Fuel Co., at Gladstone, Mich. Supposed to have gone through Illinois. When in Gladstone he lived at Emma's House. Age 20, height 5 feet 10 inches, fair complexion. U.S. Cry please copy.

Northwest officers please note.—Eddie Ira Webster left home last November. Last heard of in New Westminster. 16 years old, dark brown hair, brown eyes. His father is sick, and is anxious for his return.

"WHAT A FOOL I AM?"

A man once had a chance to buy a fine coat for a small sum of money; he fully intended to buy him, but put the matter off until the coat was sold to another man.

The coat was soon worth five hundred dollars, and then the man who had lost the chance to buy him, felt very bad about it.

One day when the owner of the beautiful coat drove by, this disappointed man said:

"Oh, what a fool I am! I might have owned that coat, but I put off buying him until it was too late."

Boys and girls, don't be like that man; improve every rich opportunity.

Be sure to get saved from your sins, and gain a home in heaven. Don't put the matter off a minute, for you might miss the chance; and then, like this man, you would have to say, "Oh, what a fool I am! I have lost a heaven! And I have got nothing in return."

Critics Disagree.

It is a very common mistake to assume that the Higher Criticism implies definite results, which all modern students of the Hebrew Bible who use the scientific methods of study, accept as true. This is an erroneous notion. Among the Biblical scholars who are critically studying the questions about the authorship and dates of the books of the Bible, there is as much diversity of opinion as there is among theologians about the doctrines of the Bible. As we would not prohibit theologians from studying to find out what the Bible teaches, because of their different conclusions, neither would we prevent or condemn the critical study of the Scriptures, because of the differences of the critics. Remember this also: Everything that claims to be the result of scientific criticism is not "pure gospel."

FROM OSCAR J. SECORD.

DEAR EDITOR.—I feel compelled to write my thanks to you for the dear old War Cry. After being some months at the front of the battle, right in the thickest of the fight (where I love to be) I now find myself through the force of circumstance, away off where I am almost alone, there being only one more Salvationist here besides myself; sixteen miles from a corps.

The War Cry is my best friend. I get it sent to me weekly, and take great pleasure in reading it, and I feel that I must give my testimony:

"Jesus saves me now: His blood makes me and keeps me clean. Hallelujah!" Will all War Cry readers, Salvationists especially, pray for me that the Lord may open up the way for me to go to the front of the battle again, and that quickly?

Yours in the war for Jesus' sake,
SERGEANT O. J. S.

KEEP BUSY.

The secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be persevering, patient and untiring in the pursuit or calling you are following. The busy ones now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive. Keep doing, whether it be at work or seeking recreation. Motion is life and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The fire-fly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken."

Galt.

During the past week THREE PRECIOUS SOULS sought and found the Saviour. One of them, being a wanderer from God, said in his testimony that he used to go to work without having prayer, but now he can double up his knees and say, "God keep me true this day." We also had a visit from Captain Brooks, which was enjoyed most heartily. Our soldiers are in good fighting trim, and bent on having victory.—Lieutenant F. MOUTON.



Riverside.

Thursday night, we had a musical meeting. On Friday we take our WAR CRY and start out for Scarborough, about nine or ten miles out of the city. About half way, we thought we would feed our souls, and so we got down on our knees on the railway track and prayed that God would bless the Cry to thousands. We started off again, and sold fifteen.

Sunday morning knee-drill was the best experienced for years, the number present being twenty-six. Hallelujah! Pavoral meetings all day.

At night, we farewelled Sister McDonald, who goes to the Training Home. God bless her. We closed the day with ONE SOUL in the fountain. Glory to God.

Our soldiers are more than ever determined to make the devil hum.—Cadet S. RODMAN for Captain and Mrs. ANDRAWA.

Personalia.

Major Coates, U.S.A., rode 2,500 miles in eight days.

On Tuesday, April 10th, the General celebrated his 65th birthday.

Adjutant and Mrs. Alexander, Jamaica, are returning to England.

Colonel Bailey will be present at the great International Congress, London.

Colonel Lagercrantz still continues to improve. Comrades, pray for him.

Colonel Richard (Livy Booth), is expected in England in a little over a month.

Field Commissioner Eva Booth has been confined to her room a few days with nervous exhaustion.

Major Marston succeeds Colonel Endie, for the time being, in the command of the Liverpool Province.

Adjutant Marshall has just concluded a very successful trip in Ohio; in ten days she enrolled 133 Auxiliaries.

Colonel Endie has arrived safe and sound in New York. Illness prevented his family from accompanying him.

The Chief of the Staff has held an All-night of Prayer at Hastings, at which 50 persons sought full cleansing.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Tucker is rapidly recovering good health, and is arranging to lead a campaign on the Continent early in May.

During the six months' stay of Major Frank E. Barrett in the Reading Division (Eng.) 616 persons were recorded as seeking salvation.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is, we regret to learn, suffering at present from toothache, and has been compelled to cancel some of her engagements.

H. R. H. Princess Sophie, sister of the late King of Holland, has just sent another handsome donation towards our Social Wing funds in Holland.

15,000 dollars in the total outlay in connection with erection of Stockport's new barracks, stonelaying of which was conducted by Commissioner Higgins lately.

Staff-Captain Heady, and Adjutant Ratten, have both been seriously indisposed. The latter has not been able to work for five months owing to heart disease.

Several brotherhoods and public-houses have been shut up, a procurator convicted, and a corpse of over one hundred soldiers and recruits formed in the midst of brotherhoods in a town in Holland.

At the opening of the Jubilee Campaign, there were indescribable acts of Divine power in the new Queen's Hall. Salvation at every turn; unprecedented crowds; the General's inspiring addresses; teaching cases; pathetic incidents; and a first day's result—222 seekers!

Musical Troupe on the Wing.

From Runcorn we went to Stargate, a small town with a small corps and a big hall. On Sunday night there was such a pick-out, we took the seats off the platform and put them in the aisle, and still people were standing; then we asked the children to sit along the front of the platform, and even now we had not seats for all.

Monday night, a lovely time; hall full; splendid attention; many kind invitations to come back, etc. God bless Stargate and its soldiers.

Tuesday, we went to Collingwood; Ensign Macdonald at the depot met us. These nights we were privileged to be here, and the meetings increased in interest and power from the first. The hall was nicely filled the two first nights, and on the last night the crowd was immense. God came to our help, and we finished at eleven with **FOUR SOULS AT THE FEET OF OUR SAVIOUR**. Ensign Macdonald got into the glory, so did the Captain; in fact, we all did. Rev. Mr. Holden and wife (colored) were on the platform, and sang some real old plantation songs. Some people who would not have missed this for twenty-five cents.

Next morning we visited a sick sister; found her rejoicing in her Saviour, Whom

grace she found mighty to keep even in sickness.

In the afternoon paid another sick person a visit, taking our horse with us, and singing a few choruses to cheer her loneliness, and we felt that God was indeed in that room, and as she took our hand at parting and expressed her thankfulness, we were more than repaid. Then we climbed on to Brother Henderson's rig, and were soon on our way up the mountain. After walking up hills and over various other experiences, we landed at Mother Richmond's nice little country house safe and happy.—Mrs. Emma Phillips.

A Musical Night at Linger Street.

Music hath its charms, effects and power, upon the high and low, from the lady in her drawing-room to the fisherman in his boat, or ploughboy in the field; and how nothing and sweet are music to the soul and disconsolate, the sick and bereaved; and how magical at a wavering moment on the field of battle, not only in the battle of bloodshed, but in the battle against the devil and sin, where, praise God, so many are engaged to-day! We have indeed learnt to appreciate its worth.

Well, on Thursday night we had a similar meeting at Linger Street as at the Temple the previous week, to help the Ensign a little towards paying her gas bill. The soldiers turned up well at open-air, as also did the celebrated singers from other corps and Headquarters.

The Brigadier was in his usual style, doing his best to keep out of ruts. After Captain Roche had sung a French chorus, he asked all round what was about to take place? In one voice they shouted, "Musical battle."

"And where?" said the Brigadier.

"Why, Linger Street."

Then Captain Adams jumped in and told us all where Linger Street was situated.

This was by way of announcing the meeting.

A feeling of freedom and liberty was soon experienced as we took our places inside and looked on the good congregation.

After prayer that God would use the songs of the night to the salvation of souls, Captain Morris, with his beautiful banjo, sang a solo, and tried to teach us the chorus. Then came dear old Dad Turner, the treasurer of the Temple, accompanied by his banjo, or cello, and in his testimony told the people how often he used to play them and sing with his face blackened when he was serving the devil, to amuse the people, but he expressed his gratefulness to God and the joy now realized in serving the Lord.

Very amusing was it now and then to hear the ejaculatory interruptions of the Brigadier. What were they? Why, "You must all sing in G, so that I may join in."

Then came the

Three Hebrew boys, when in God and came, and in the midst of the chorus we had a little to worship as angels they had no words; that was a religion that did not exist.

Then the Hebrew boys.

Sung by the Brigadier, Captain Atwell, and Captain Morris, the two latter, while singing, would turn now and then with smiling and meaning looks to the Brigadier, and from them we concluded that their thoughts were, "we've not much chance with your stentorian voice"; however, they got through grandly and satisfactorily. Then followed Captain Adams with.

"Yes, He gives us peace and pardon."

Captain Griffiths.

"I bring my all to Jesus."

and Mrs. de Barritt sang an old one she used to sing in her first station, eleven years ago.

But I must not forget to mention how very beautiful was the selection played by Staff-Captain Fry, and how blessed to our souls were the verses he sang, with the chorus,

"I'm satisfied with Jesus here."

Truly our hearts responded to it, with the realization that Jesus was near.

The Brigadier read, and urged the people to seek Jesus, and went into the prayer meeting, after Mrs. Captain Savage had sung, very sweetly and pathetically, some verses about a maiden and her mother, with chorus,

"After the war is over, after the fighting's done, after the fire is vanquished, after the victory's won, Every soul you've received will be a jewel, a star, And in your crown by the Father, after the war."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Another League of Mercy.

HALIFAX I.—On Tuesday night, a united

prayer meeting, led by Captain Alexander

McLennan, of No. 11 corps, and on Thursday

night, a groovy collection. Meeting in aid of the Revue Mass. Ensign Hurry con-

ducted twelve soldiers in a League of

Mercy. **ONE SOUL BOUGHT GOD** in this meeting.

Good meetings on Sunday; sinners under

deep conviction, but none would yield.—Sur-

geant-Major Cassin.

A Bad Look Out For Satan.

MONTREAL I. is still forging ahead in

spite of the check we have had on account of

Ensign's sickness. Captain Fox has lost no

valuable help. **NINE SINNERS** for one

Sunday, and **THREE** on Saturday, makes

things look black for the devil. We are all

believing for a Captain shortly.—One of our

ATTACHING PARTY.

Ensign Blackburn's Trip.

OH, THAT POULTICING!

Sinners Cry for Mercy.

GOING FOR 100 BACKSLIDERS.

At PARKBORO, had good crowd, and a tough fight for souls. Ensign Crighton with us. These who stayed to prayer meeting, will not soon forget his earnest appeal.

At PICTON, my old station, pleased to see old faces. Had nice time. Some old friends helped with donations. God bless them.

At WINTVILLE, there are a good lot of soldiers; real old-timers.

At STELLANTON, had proper time. Found things are booming.

At NEW GLASGOW, another old corps of mine, we spent the week-end. Heard the CRY FROM THE HEARTS OF SINNERS FOR DELIVERANCE.

To TRURO I travelled alone, the Lieutenant having to stop to do some poulticing for a few days. We rejoiced over **ONE BIG MAN, OVER SIX FEET, FALLING ON HIS KNEES**, and crying for salvation. Our God saved him.

Next place, WIDMORE. This corps is looking well. **PLATFORM FULL OF SOLDIERS.**

Next, at KENTVILLE. The sinners rushed out when it was getting too hot for them.

Next, BRIDGETOWN. Nice crowd, good meeting.

In speaking about money, one officer said, "You will get most in YARMOUTH." This I had to prove, and did, in spite of counter-attractions. We had a big crowd, and a proper meeting.

Sunday, good meetings; collections over \$50, and the best of all, **EIGHT SOULS**. "Shure" enough, this is a proper place. Ensign Gage did his best for me.

Monday, I gave them my prison experience, and told them that Jesus could set the prisoner free.

Last night, this side the bay at DRY. I thank all officers, soldiers, and friends, for their kindness to me.

I am just off across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, to help in the battle for 100 backsliders during the special meetings. The Brigadier is going in for prayer; and faith will bring them. S. BLACKBURN, Ensign.

[Hope Lieutenant is well again, now.—Ed.]

★ The Best Scheme Out! ★

★ THE ★

★ S.S.C.C. ★

his song went well, and his testimony better, as he told how only a few weeks previous he was known in Truro as a "week" he had steadily walk down his street, how he had come into the Army meeting to listen, and how he had been singing at a chorus took hold of him in one of these meetings, leading him at the penitential band, when, kneeling for a few minutes he felt the "will of God" go through him, and he was free from his sins, how for a time his old acquaintances used to shout salvation at him round the corners, and how, by consistent living, he had now gained the victory, and they respected and acknowledged him, and the glory was given to Jesus.

Brother Jim also had his fling, and had a real spirited testimony meeting, his jumping, his shouting, his smiles giving a long way to make things cheerful. He sang a very taking solo, and ended with some straight truth and earnest exhortation to the unconverted. He then read the Bible in mutual. Sorry to say he is leaving us for a time, as he goes to work in Cape Breton, and thus both Springhill and Acadia lose his good services.

We all say, God bless you, Jim. The D. O. felt much as he used to feel when in his younger days he found himself on the way to a picnic, and said so. And why not, seeing he now finds himself on the way to the picnic grounds of a better country. God forbid that he should pull a long face or shed a tear on this journey, unless it be for those who are left behind in their sins.

In the prayer meeting one man stood up and confessed that the meeting had been a means of great blessing to him and a friend. Another also expressed himself likewise, giving the Army an especial tip, ending by saying to be prayed for. But we found him to stand up in his old notions of living continually in sin, while still professing to be a Christian, that we could do nothing further than give him a pointer or two.

We closed without anyone coming right out. The sale of cakes, etc., after the meeting went splendidly, and when the total receipts were announced to exceed \$30.

The officers smiled, the soldiers smiled, we all smiled, and left Acadia Mines thanking God for the good and successful time spent together.

Yours in the war,
D. L. CRIGHTON, Ensign.

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Niagara Falls is not such a hard step after all. Captain WISEMAN has been pepping away for God and souls. Ensign ALBERT, Captain CARBURN, and myself, had a very pleasant trip there last Thursday. Quite a nice crowd turned out.

Captain Carburn kept the testimony meeting sharp and to the point. The Staff-Captain read the lesson, urging upon everyone present to make their peace with God before it was forever too late.

Now, my comrades, rise up to your opportunity, and do something for God in the open-air this summer.

As you will have wonderful chances to work for God amongst the many souls of pleasure.

What a beautiful little town in Walford. We had a good march and open-air on Friday night.

A beautiful crowd inside, every seat full, and two ministers on the platform.

After the opening song, Ensign Albert led the testimony meeting.

Both ministers testified to the power of God to save and keep from all sin. Quite a number of Christian friends had also a word of testimony.

Captain Timmer, and Lieutenant Young, are holding the fort.

May God bless you, my dear comrades, and give you many souls.

J. H. JEWELL, Staff-Captain.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Signs of Progress—Farewells Yesterday—Coming Gatherings.

(Winnipeg Free Press, April 12, '04.)

The Salvation Army meetings yesterday were very largely attended. Last night there was the biggest crowd that ever assembled in the new barracks. The partitions between the two assembly rooms had to be pulled down, making one large hall, which was packed full. Even after the first meeting was over and many had retired, though according to the strict rules no others were allowed to enter, hundreds remained until near 11 o'clock at night. The exercises were of the ordinary character, except that three officers who are going to other fields, gave their farewell addresses. These were Captain (late Lieutenant) Greer and Lieutenant (late ensign) Stephens, who are going to Edmonton, and Lieutenant (late ensign) Dwyer, who is ordered to Halifax. These officers have left by Thursday next, but owing to the coming of the Commandant, they will remain for the officers' council with him, and the various other meetings in connection therewith.